



Victoria College Annual

1930-1931



Victoria College
Library



VICTORIA COLLEGE ANNUAL



Year 1930-31

VICTORIA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
VICTORIA, B. C.



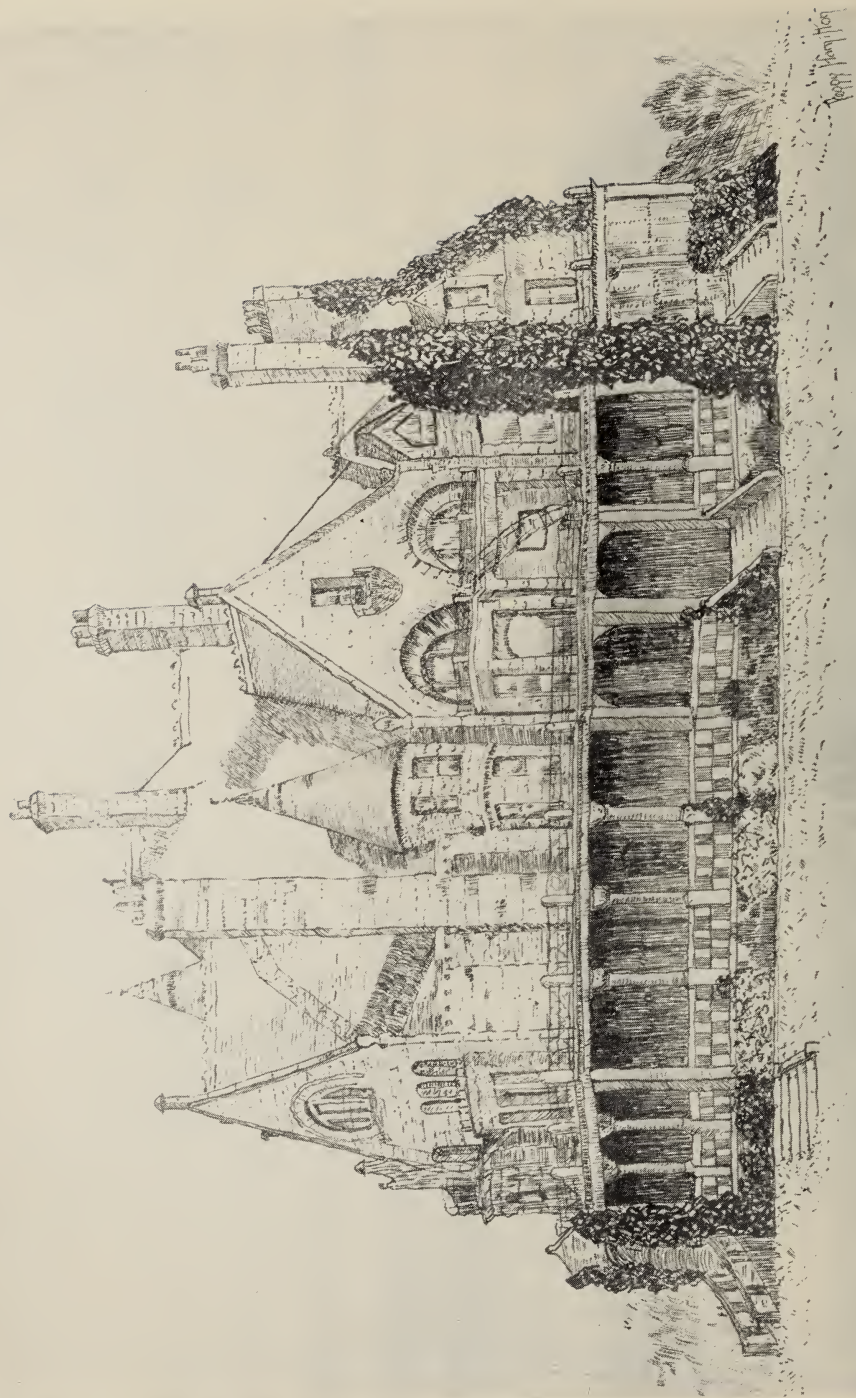
To
Percy H Elliott
M.Sc., MCGILL

We,
the Students
of
Victoria College
respectfully dedicate
this Annual.

~



PRINCIPAL P.H. ELLIOTT, M.Sc., MCGILL



VICTORIA COLLEGE



Valedictory

OUR two short years at Victoria College have come to an end. As we look back we realize that they have been among the happiest of our lives, and it is with a deep and genuine feeling of regret that we leave our "Alma Mater." New fields are open to us, but we know that nowhere will we find the same gay and congenial companionship, the kind and helpful instruction and the tranquility of spirit that was ours at the Victoria College.

We have been taught infinitely more than mere book-learning: how to face this world that looks so vast, how to brave disappointments and surmount difficulties, and above all how to be worthy citizens. In a word, the background to our lives has been erected.

We leave with the memories of two happy years which we will cherish in later life. The College with its towers and chimneys silhouetted against the sky, is an image that we will carry with us always.

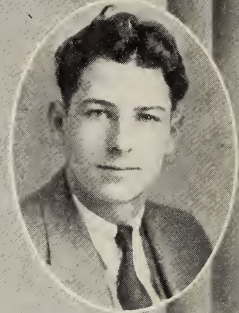




RICHARD MacLEAN
PRESIDENT



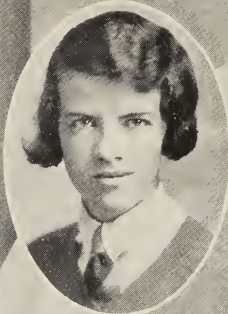
MR. P. ELLIOTT
HONORARY PRESIDENT



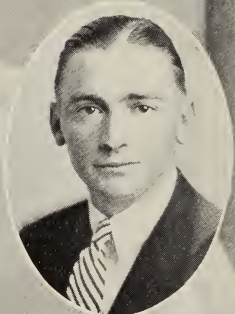
HERBERT MANSON
PRESIDENT I.S.E.



UNIVERSITY OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA



ROSALIND YOUNG
SECRETARY



ARTHUR PLOWS
TREASURER

1930-1931

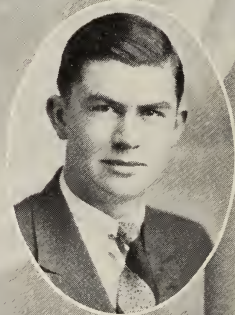
VICTORIA COLLEGE



PATRICIA BROWN
WOMEN'S ATHLETICS



PAUL SPRINKLING
MEN'S ATHLETICS



ALEX MARLING
FIRST YEAR REP.



THIS issue of the Annual is presented with a view to giving the Sophomores a fit souvenir by which they may recall the days that they spent at Victoria College. The literary efforts contained within these covers have been contributed by the students themselves, so we feel that they give a true spirit of College days.

During the past year there has been marked development in every phase of College activity. By the addition of two new courses, Chemistry 2, and Geography 5, Science and Commerce students are enabled to complete two years here. Socially, the Students' Council has sponsored many delightful functions which have made possible friendships that will be valuable in later life. The Literary and Players' Clubs have made great progress; and the College teams have again upheld the enviable reputation set up in former years. The Rugby team for the third time in succession were successful in winning the Provincial Intermediate Rugby Championship; to them we offer our heartiest congratulations.

The Annual Board is this year offering a Science Scholarship of fifty dollars. Crane Limited, of Victoria, is offering a slide rule prize for Applied Science Students.

We deeply regret that our editor-in-chief, Gordon Bell, was forced to retire on account of illness before he was able to complete his good work. In closing we should like to thank the members of the Faculty who have helped the Annual Board with their advice.



The Students' Council

THE Student's Council wishes first to thank those organizations which have contributed so much to the success of the past year; the Victoria School Board for its immediate response to our need of lockers and rest-rooms; the Faculty for its kind assistance, and its patronage of the many activities; and the student body for the interest and co-operation so necessary in the administration of student self-government.

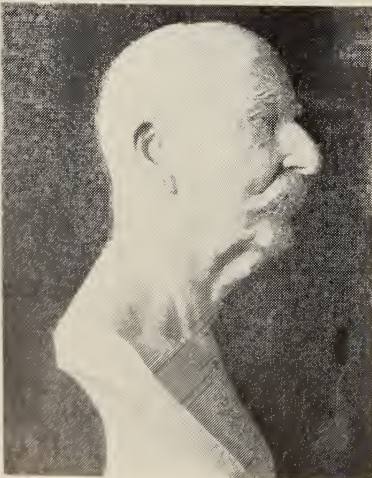
A further indication of student interest has been the formation of several new organizations within the Literary and Scientific Departments, such as the new Science and Men's Discussion Clubs.

One worthwhile feature of this term has been the generous and active interest shown by the Kiwanis Club towards the College. Through its annual Scholarship the Kiwanis Club has long been intimately connected with the institution. Recently this connection was very much strengthened by a representative group of students, who, on the invitation of the Club, spoke to its members on different phases of University life.

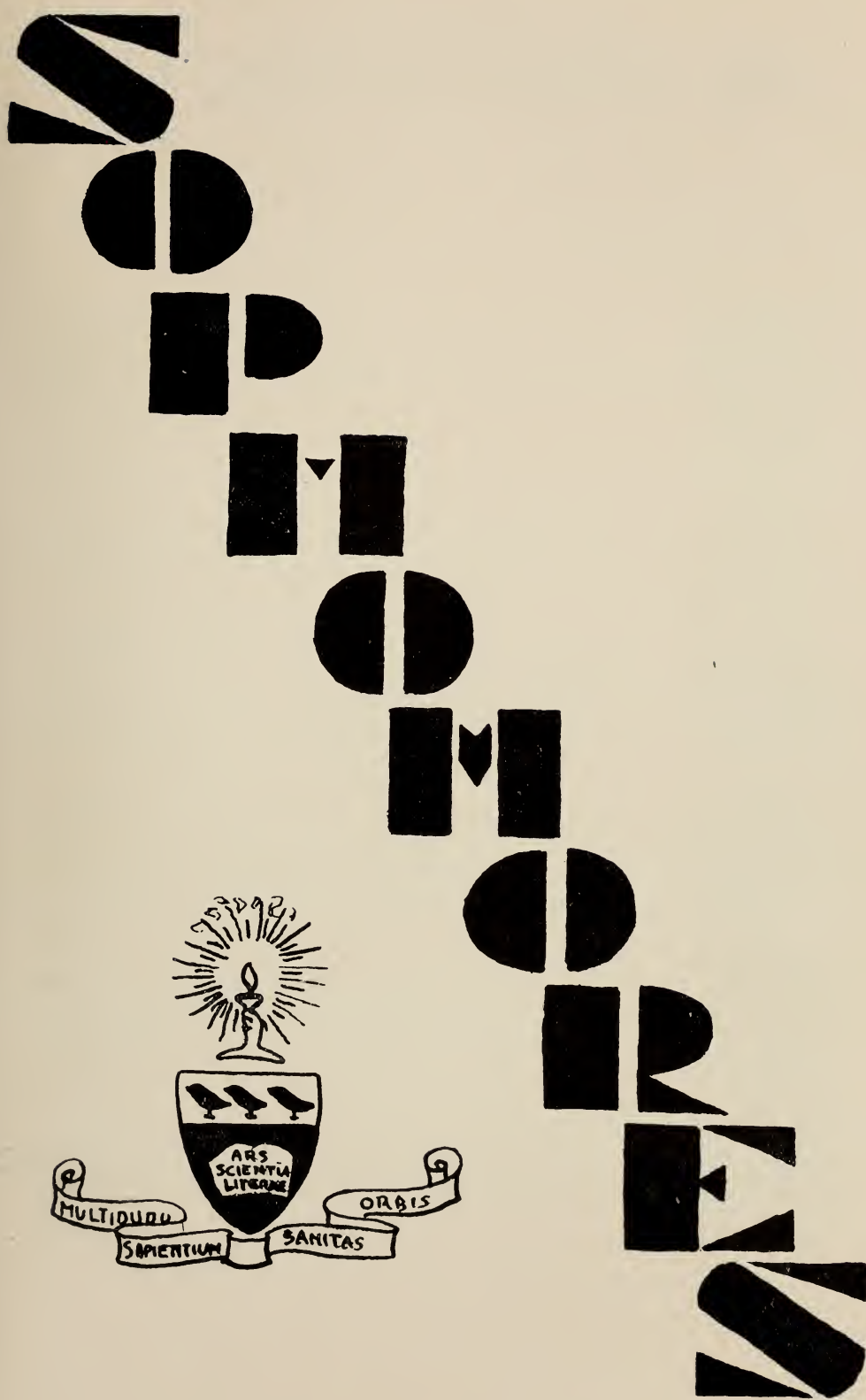
Backed by an efficient organization the Players' Club scored a notable success in its production, "Yellow Sands."

The performances of our Athletic Teams have been splendid. Both old and new clubs are to be congratulated on their showing.

In conclusion the Students' Council of 1930-31 wishes the newly-elected Council every success in its administration of student affairs.



THE bronze portrait bust of Dr. E. B. Paul, a photograph of which is here reproduced, is the work of Mr. Earl Clarke. Mr. Clarke, on his return to Victoria, after a year of study in Europe, was commissioned to execute the bust which, having been purchased by friends and admirers of Dr. Paul, is about to be presented to Victoria College.





VELMA ANDERSON

Velma has enlivened many lunch hours by her good work at the piano. She intends to specialize in mathematics at 'Varsity next year.



DESMOND BARRETT

Des is one of the leading members of the Golf Team. His friendly manner has made him popular among the students. Des hopes to be at Kingston next year.



GORDON BELL

Gordie is the Editor-in-chief of this Annual and much of its success is due to his unselfish efforts. He has represented College on its golf team for the past two years and has taken active part in the Literary Society. It is rumored that Gordie will go to McGill next year to enter its Law School.



MARGARET BELL

Margaret has not decided what profession to follow but she will probably attend 'Varsity next year. She devotes much time to reading in the Library.



KENNETH BENNETT

Ken has been to sea for two years and came here to continue his Commerce Course. His swimming did much to aid the College in defeating Normal in the recent Gala.



GOVAN BLAKE

Govan hopes to be a chemist and is working hard towards that objective. His quiet manner is noticeable amongst us but his cheerful attitude to his work makes up for all his reserve.



YVONNE DE BRETIGNY

Yvonne divides her studies between Sprott-Shaw and College. Although she attended College last term she will continue her course in speed-typing.



LOUIS K. BROWN

Louis, originally an Arts '31 student, spent two years in business in the East. Next year will find him at U.B.C.



PATRICIA BROWN

As Women's Athletic Representative, member of the Social Committee, and member of the Grass Hockey Team, Pat is a girl of whom we may feel justly proud. She will continue in English at U.B.C.



GENIELLE BROWNE-CAVE

Mathematician and physicist. Cave is President of the Science Club, and assistant in the Physics Lab. He has taken an active part in the Men's Discussion Club, and in the Literary Society has proven himself a formidable debater.



ALAN CAMPBELL

Is a steady worker. He is in the Commerce Class and hopes to continue at 'Varsity next year.



QUINN CAMPBELL

Quinn is Vice-President of the Science Club. After he has graduated in Applied Science, Quinn hopes to become an Airman.



SARAH CHAN

Sarah comes from Victoria High, and during her stay here she has worked diligently. She is going to University next year and no doubt will carry on her fine work there.



BERNICE CHAPMAN

Bernice displayed fine dramatic ability in her portrayal of "Mary Varwell" in the Play. She taught school last year and is aiming for higher honors in her profession.



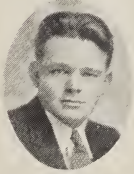
EDMOND C. CHRISTOPHER

For the past two years Monty has rendered valuable service to the Players' Club. The success of "Yellow Sands" this year was due in a large measure to his efforts as stage manager.



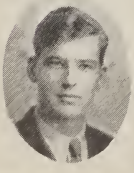
PEACE CORNWALL

Besides attending a Business College, Peace takes French II at the College. For two years she has been associated with College Plays, last year as "Mrs. Falconer" in "Come out of the Kitchen" and this year as prompter. Next year she hopes to go East to study Journalism.



RICHARD H. DAVIDSON

"Slim" has been a prominent figure in College activities for the past two years. He is Vice-President of the Literary Society and an indispensable Forward on the Rugby Team.



HOWARD L. ENGLISH

Howard plays a good game of basketball. He is a staunch supporter of the Men's Discussion Club and an energetic worker in many College activities.



MAXINE EWART

Maxine has given valuable assistance at all College functions and was responsible for much of the scenery in the Play. She is a splendid tennis and badminton player and has also represented College on the Women's Basketball team for the past two years.



ROBERT FRENCH

Robert came to Victoria College at Christmas. He intends to enter Science at U.B.C. next year.



WILLIAM C. GIBSON

Hoot has achieved an enviable record at the College—Business Manager of the Annual, Assistant in the Chemistry Lab. and a stage hand in the Play. Together with this he has found time to take 37 units during his two years here.



D. KENNETH GRAHAM

"Monsieur Douglas", for two years has been a man of affairs in the Players' Club. Ken's sense of fairness and good fellowship should see him a long way in his course in Honour Chemistry at McGill next year.



HELEN HARRIS

Helen is one of the most popular members of this Institution. For her success as "Emma Major" in the Play she deserves unlimited praise. She has been a prominent member of the Women's Hockey Team. She intends to go to U.B.C. next year to continue her studies.



ANN HARTLEY

Ann has always taken a deep interest in College activities and was Forward on the Grass Hockey Team during the past year. She hopes to continue at U.B.C. next year.



GRACE HIGHAM

Grace led the Second Year at Christmas with a very high average. She is the only student who has ever had full marks in Latin II at this Institution. She will continue the classics at U.B.C. Moreover, she shared in the Walter Nichol Scholarship for French in the First Year.



MOLLY HODGSON

Molly is a newcomer this year from Nanaimo. She is a member of the College Badminton Club. Next year she will specialize in History at U.B.C.



RICHARD HOLMES

A hard working member of the Chem. II class. We hope his deep interest in Science will bring him encouraging results. His cheerful appearance is always welcome in the Men's Common Room.



PATRICIA JOHNSON

Pat came from St. Margaret's School to follow in the footsteps of a most accomplished sister. She is secretary of the Literary Society, and is a very good student in English.



KATHLEEN JOHNSTON

Kay is ambitious enough to take both Math. II and Chem. II, with a view to specializing in the latter subject. Kay was a member on the cast of last year's Play.



LLOYD JONES

We haven't seen much of Lloyd this year as he is only taking one subject at the College. He is captain of the Men's Basketball Team and has kept up his reputation as a fine player.



CHARLES KENNEDY

Chuck came to us from the Okanagan with a practical knowledge of Geography V. He works hard at all subjects and is a busy member of the Publication Board. Charlie will continue in Commerce at U.B.C.



MARY LEITH

In passing from Matric, Mary won the Women's Canadian Club Scholarship, and keeping up her good work she received the Maths. Scholarship last year. Mary has made a host of friends. She took an active part in the College Play this year.



MARGARET LITTLE

Margaret is a splendid student with a fine standing in all subjects and an efficient member of the Hockey team. She will probably attend U.B.C. next year.



ERNEST LIVESEY

Ernie plays Soccer when there's Soccer to be played. He is a commuter from North Saanich, plays the mouth organ and is a splendid mathematician. He will, however, specialize in the last only, at U.B.C. next year.



HILDA LOBB

Hilda excels in languages and will major in Latin at U.B.C. next year. She matriculated with honors from Oak Bay High School. Hilda was the winner of the University Women's Club Scholarship in 1929-30.



MABEL LOTT

One of our Zoologists, who has recently been teaching in the Interior. She wants to go to University so she can apply psychology to her little foxes at Enderby.



COLBORNE LUTTRELL

"Jim" is a hard-working and conscientious student. He is captain and fullback of the Soccer Team. He will continue the good work at U.B.C.



GEORGE LUXTON

George is an enthusiastic member of the Commerce Class and has proven to be a diligent worker. Although a new comer to the College, he has made many friends.



JAMES MACKAY

Jim is a student who can mix work and pleasure successfully. He is responsible for many of the cartoons in this magazine.



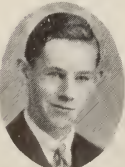
RICHARD MACLEAN

Dick has been a hardworking President of the Council for the past year, and has taken a prominent interest in all College activities. His cheerful manner has made him a cheerful executive. We wish him luck in his Honour Mathematics next year.



LYLA McCAW

Lyla is very frequently found in the Common Room, but is nevertheless a hard worker. She expects to go to 'Varsity next term.



WILLIAM G. McINTOSH

Gardner, a newcomer to College, came from the University School last term. A quiet and conscientious worker, he will doubtless do well in the engineering world.




MARGARET MAGUIRE

Marg. is an Assistant in the Biology Lab. where her patient manner has won her many friends. She has taken an active interest in all phases of College life, and intends to go to U.B. C. next year to specialize in Biology.



OLIVE MAINS

Olive, who came from Duncan, has been a steady worker during her stay at College. After a year at Normal, she will most likely continue at U.B.C.



HERBERT J. MANSON

Herb. came here from Victoria High School with an enviable record as a student and orator, and has upheld it to the interest of the College for the past two years. He has been an efficient member of the Students' Council for the past two years. Herb's hard work in Zoology will take him far in that subject. Last session Herb was the winner of the Kiwanis Club Scholarship.



PATRICIA MAY

Pat is a lively member of the Zoology class. She came to us from V. H. S., with an ambition to be a nurse, and will continue that course in University.



EDITH MESSERSCHMIDT

Edith came from V.H.S and will probably attend 'Varsity next term. She is a good student, particularly in the study of French and Mathematics, in both of which she hopes to specialize.



MAY MOORE

May, who came from V. H. S., has a natural ability with a love for languages. She has done exceedingly well in Latin, French and Greek here, and also in English. She hopes some day to be a writer.



JAMES T. MOYES

Student, philosopher, athlete and writer. Jimmy's playing has been an essential factor in the success of College Rugby this year. A consistent worker, and a good student, we feel that he will be an outstanding member of Commerce '33 at U.B.C.



ELINOR MUIRHEAD

Nell is a competent editor of this Annual. Gifted with a charming nature, she has many friends at College and elsewhere. Nell plans to continue her course in dietetics next year.



WILBERT E. MURDOCH

"Preacher" came here from Oak Bay High School and has always shown a keen interest in College functions and activities. He intends to study Law. We wish him success in this pursuit.



JOHN O'BRIEN

John has been a stern and efficient librarian during the past year. He is a member of the Soccer Team and one of the founders of the Men's Discussion Club. He may continue his studies at the University of California next year.



FRANCIS ORME

Francis is very good in History subjects, and intends to specialize in that department at the University. Last year he was successful in winning the History Scholarship.



ROSIEMAI PARFITT

An ex-world traveller, Rosiemai has finally decided to teach in British Columbia. Normal School will see her next year.



DON. K. PATTERSON

Don is very reserved, and a hard worker. He is going in for medicine and we wish him success in the long course ahead.



DOROTHY PEARSON

Dorothy came to us from Nanaimo, and soon proved herself a good student. She will teach English when she graduates from U.B.C.



EILEEN PETTIT

Eileen is the only woman taking Geography V. She is an able debater and several times has proved her worth in the Literary Society. Next year she will attend the Normal School.



ARTHUR H. PLOWS

As treasurer of the Students' Council, Art has shown efficiency and business ability. Winner of last year's Scholarship in English, he is aiming for similar honors at U.B.C. We wish him luck when he begins High School teaching.



MARGARET PURVES

Margaret was a member of the cast in this year's Play and intends to develop her talent at U.B.C. She will major in either History or English there.



EDWARD ROBINSON

"Ted" is the Scrum-half on the Rugby Team. He leaves Summer Survey Parties to join ours. Next year Ted will go to Victoria Normal.



ESSIE SAMS

Essie has done a good deal in a quiet way for Victoria College. She is an enthusiastic Badminton player and a strong supporter of all activities. We understand that she is going to attend U.B.C. next year.

DOROTHY SMITH

Dolly's cheerful smile is well-known about the College and in the Zoology Lab. She is a hard worker, and will specialize in Botany at U.B.C.

MARJORIE SOMERVILLE

Marjorie, who comes from Brandon College, brought a valuable knowledge of basketball with her. In her short stay here she has already made many friends.

PAUL T. SPRINKLING

Paul has been key man in the Rugby scrum for two years, a position which he has played very effectively. Men's Athletic Representative, and a very good student, he is a prominent member of the Institution. He will resume teaching when he graduates from U.B.C.

JACK H. F. STANTON

Jack has been a valuable member of the S.C.M. and of the Literary Society, and has also taken a keen interest in almost every College activity. Next year he will specialize in French at U.B.C. "He's willin'."

GERTRUDE STRAIGHT

As President of the Literary Society, Gertrude has done a great deal for the College. She is not only an able pianist but also a capable actress.



SHEILA TAIT

Came to us from Oak Bay High School with a reputation as an able debater, which she successfully sustained in several Literary Society meetings. She took the Latin and French Scholarships in her first year, and ultimately aims at French honors at U.B.C.

YUKIO TAKAHASHI

Yukio is one of our most diligent students, a member of the Chem. II class, an able linguist and a good essayist. We are sure that his good nature will be a great asset to him at U.B.C. and in later life.

GORDON THOMSON

Gordie took a leading part in the College Play this year, and was also an active member of the Literary Society. He will specialize in French next year at 'Varsity, but ultimately will study law.

JACK TWIGG

Jack has established a reputation as a fine mathematician and a splendid golfer. He hopes to enter the Royal Military College this Fall.

GRACE WALTON

A former student of St. Margaret's and Oak Bay High, who intends to be a Scientific Illustrator. She has demonstrated her ability by her drawings in Zoology.

WALTER D. WARDER

Walter came from Esquimalt High School. He is a very good Soccer player, and has played for the team during the year. He will continue in Arts at U.B.C.



GERTRUDE WATSON

Gertrude came here from Sefton College and for the past two years has ably filled the position of Librarian. She intends to study Library work in the future and will continue at U.B.C. next year.



ELIZABETH WINGATE

Elizabeth is a quiet and steady worker, who formerly attended Victoria High School. She will probably go to Normal next year.



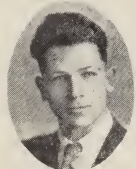
E. C. DUFF WILSON

Charlie matriculated from Shawnigan. An enthusiastic member of the Commerce '33 Class, he hopes to enter the business world when he graduates.



HENRY WORTHINGTON

Henry was the leading man in the annual play this year. He gained great praise by his impersonation of "Richard Varwell." We hope he will continue to develop his talent along this line.



ALBERT YOUNG

Al appears to be interested in all the varied activities of the College, particularly the Men's Discussion Club. His future plans seem to be undecided.



ROSALIND YOUNG

As Secretary of the Students' Council, Rosalind has very unselfishly devoted much of her time to the activities of College. She works hard on the Hockey field, as in her studies. Rosalind will attend 'Varsity next term.



M. PATRICIA BURDEN

We missed Pat when she went to London in December. She is now attending the School of Economics in that City, and hopes to enter business when she graduates.

MARGARET FRANK

Peggy is a partial student here and takes keen interest in Zoology. On the Hockey team she is a sterling player and a good sport. Rumor has it that Peggy will go to England next year.

WILLIAM W. MURRAY

Bill was a late arrival at College last term but lost no time in catching up with the others. We wish him luck when he goes out on the Hydrographic Survey this summer.

THOMAS WILSON

Another of our partial students who spends much time in the Biology Lab. Tom intends to specialize in Mining Engineering at U.B.C.





The Literary Society has had a most successful year and all meetings have been well attended. Fifteen members have qualified for pins of the Society.

The Executive for 1930-31 is:—

Honorary President	Miss Cann
President	Miss G. Straight
Vice-President	Mr. Harvey Davidson
Secretary	Miss P. Johnson

At the first regular meeting Miss Cann gave a most delightful talk on Shakespear-ean plays illustrated by lantern slides. At a later meeting Miss Humphrey gave an interesting account of the life and works of Dr. Johnson. Other speakers were Mr. Dilworth who spoke on "The Celtic Spirit in Literature," Mr. Fraser Lister who discussed the connection between the Universities and the Drama, and Mr. A Whitely who gave an account of the life at the Universities of Pittsburg and Wisconsin.

One of the meetings was in the form of a debate, and another of a Mock Parliament. At the former the subject was "Resolved that the Completion of the Russian Five Year Plan will be in the Interests of Humanity" with Mr. Cave and Mr. O'Brien for the affirmative and Mr. Purves and Mr. Thomson successfully taking the negative.

The meeting in charge of the First Year Members was of a musical nature, and several interesting speeches were given on musical subjects. Second Year Members also were in charge of a meeting, at which Miss May and Miss Chapman put on a one-act play.

The Executive would like to thank the honorary president, Miss Cann, and also Mr. Gage, for their help and their great interest in the Society.

PATRICIA JOHNSON, Secretary.



Student Christian Movement

THE past year has been a busy and successful one for the S.C.M. Several outside speakers have addressed the Society; a representative was sent to the Thanksgiving Camp in Vancouver, and the membership, although not large to begin with, has not dwindled.

Among the speakers were Mr. Ramsay, who gave a brief resume of the Lambeth Conference of youth; Archdeacon Laycock, a very good friend of the movement, and the Rev. N. E. Smith, whose subject dealt with the Epiphany message.

Early in February Miss Gertrude Rutherford, an Associate Secretary of the S.C.M. in Canada, included Victoria College in her visit to the Universities of the West. In a most entertaining talk she told of her impressions of the students there. Afterwards she described the activities of the S.C.M. in Vancouver and offered some friendly advice to the College branch. Her charming manner and kindly interest endeared her to all who met her.

It was decided at a business meeting in January to change the name of the Society which was formerly known as the Victoria College Christian Union, to the Student Christian Movement. Since it had been for some time a part of the latter movement, it was felt only right it should be known by the same letters as the parent organization.

The officers for the year are: President, Gordon Thomson; Secretary, May Moore. The Executive wishes to thank the Council for their good wishes, and their Faculty Adviser, Mr. Farr, for the interest he has taken in the Society's activities.



JUST IMAGINE

Stanton embarrassed or blushing !

Finding the radiators in the lower hall without their supporters.

Preacher and Wilf coming to College on a bicycle built for two.

Kennedy smoking tailor makes !

The locker room minus the checker board.

Finding Chuck, Preacher and Ted working in the Chem. Lab. all at once.

McTavish going through a Maths lecture unannoyed, unruffled and unmolested.

Pynn in a "Baby Austin !"

Certain Sophettes forgetting to count their calories !

Andy waiting for a street car.

Miller minus his cords.

Bob Mabee dressed as a girl.

S. T. with an empty car.



THE PLAYERS' CLUB had a very successful year, and the student body as a whole showed a keen interest in the organization. During its first meeting the following executive was elected for the year 1930-31 :—

Miss H. R. Humphrey.....	Honorary President
E. B. Christopher.....	President
J. Petch	Treasurer
Miss B. Vaio.....	Secretary

As was its custom in past years, the Club presented its annual play in the High School auditorium on February 20th and 21st. Due to the tireless efforts of members of the Club, "Yellow Sands" was one of the most successful plays ever produced.

Without exception, the members of the cast showed a splendid understanding of their respective parts. Although there was no leading role, Henry Worthington in his interpretation of the n'er do well "Richard Varwell" deserved much praise.

Miss Peggy Parsons was splendid in the difficult impersonation of an old lady "Jennifer Varwell." Cyril Chave as the Bolchevist, "Joe", was notable.

Space will not permit mention of the excellent portrayal by Misses Muriel Davenport, Helen Harris, Margaret Purves, Bernice Chapman and Gertrude Straight, and Messrs. George Warnock, Gordon Thomson and Donald Purves.

The ability of Major Bullock-Webster as a director was very evident, and to him much credit is due for the success of the play, also to Miss Humphrey whose tireless work was invaluable.

The Club wishes to thank the stage hands and property girls, and the business committee for their unselfish efforts in making the play an outstanding success.



THIS YEAR was outstanding in the success of its social events. Although there was no actual Initiation, "Initiation Week" was nevertheless held, terminating in the first dance of the season.

The distribution of scholarships and prizes was held at Victoria High School, through the courtesy of Mr. Dilworth. The scholarships and prizes were, in the majority of cases, presented by the donors, who with the recipients and the Students' Council, were entertained afterwards by the Faculty at tea.

Special decorations and multi-colored costumes marked the next dance, which was held on October 24th: celebrating Hallowe'en. The costumes were particularly good, and it was no easy matter to award the several prizes.

The parents' reception was held in the middle of November. It lasted from 9 till 11 when refreshments were served; dancing followed until 12.30.

The last function of 1930 was the closing dance which brought the Christmas term to an end. Everyone had a thoroughly good time and left College in the best of spirits.

This year although there was no invasion from Vancouver, the 'Varsity Ball was held at the Empress Hotel on January 3rd and was as great a success as ever.



The return invasion took place the second week in February and created just as much excitement as in former years.

On the evening of the last performance of "Yellow Sands" a reception was held at the College in honour of the Players' Club. Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed by members of the Faculty and others.

This year the Team Banquet was held in the Crystal Gardens with the Hockey, Rugby, Basketball and Golf Teams present. Later a dance was held at the College.

There yet remains the Closing Dance, which will be in the hands of the Students' Council elect.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the retiring Council and those members of the Faculty for all the work they have done in connection with these functions, and to congratulate them upon the great success of this year's social activities.



The Science Club

The first meeting of the Science Club was held for the purpose of electing officers. The following is the Executive:—

Honorary Presidents.....	Professors of the Dept. of Science and Mathematics
President.....	G. B. Cave
Vice-President	Q. Campbell
Secretary	F. Leacy

Mr. R. H. Lyons, Manager of Canadian Explosives, Ltd., gave an instructive lecture on "Explosives."

"Food Industries and Chemistry" was the subject of a lecture given by Professor Savannah.

R. Holmes explained "The Application of X-Ray Analysis in Industry." W. Findlay also spoke on "The Advances in Glider Construction."

ROGUES' GALLERY.



"WHEN THE CATS ARE AWAY THE MICE
WILL PLAY."



CHEM. 2.



COMMERCE
'33.



MATH. 4.



"SHEER PROCESS OF ANALYSIS"



The White Pass

A great mountain peak rising above us to the right, the jagged Sawtooth Mountains to the southeast, the glacier-topped Mount Pinnacle on the southwest, and far in the distance the waters of beautiful Lynn Canal. Over to the left a little locomotive with a half-dozen lilliputian coaches toiling up the grade. High up, a cascade pitching its waters down the mountain side to the canyon below. Everything bathed in the most brilliant sunshine—so bright the sun, and clear the air, that even the indistinct traces of a footpath can be seen on the other side of the canyon. But even as we look the sun dies to a gloomy twilight. The tumbling torrent is still, the green of the mountains fades, and a great whiteness settles over all. The little engine puffs and labors no more. Lynn Canal, the mountain peaks, are lost in the half darkness. The Pass below becomes terrible in its silence and grandeur. Ghostly figures, stooped with fatigue and many weary and broken unto death, make their painful way where we, but a moment ago, saw the half-hidden trail. For them there was not the railroad. For them the scene held little beauty. Just the gleam of gold that drove them remorselessly on and on through a "land that God forgot."

D. PURVES



A GEOGRAPHY LESSON

Customer in Restaurant to Waitress: Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?

Waitress: I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska

Customer: Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

Waitress: Sweden it yourself, I'm only here to Servia.

Customer: Denmark our bill, and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress: No, and I don't Caribbean. You'se guys Armenia.

Boss: Canada racket!



SPORTS



WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

THE CO'EDS had a very enthusiastic team this year. Unfortunately they had difficulty in arranging many trips, but they practised hard and deserve much credit for upholding the former fine standard of the College.

Early in the season, after little practise, the girls won a surprising victory over the fast Keating Team in an exciting game.

Due largely to the fact that on several occasions their stars, Bona Macmurchie and Mary Purdy were playing for other teams, the girls were under a handicap.

The College Team were disappointed in not being able to play against 'Varsity as this was the chief object in their practises.

Other games played by the team were against West Road where they were defeated twice and against Normal, J.B.A.A., and the High School.

The personell of the College Team is:

Captain—Bona Macmurchie.

Forwards—Mary Purdy, Peggy Parsons.

Guards—Maxine Ewart, Hazel Jack, Daphne Allen.

Centre—Velma Anderson, Marjorie Sommerville.

The Team wishes to thank Gil. Fraser and John Mortimer for their excellent assistance in coaching.



LADIES' GRASS HOCKEY TEAM



LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM



GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY

THE GRASS HOCKEY TEAM has been very successful during the season 1930-31. Ten matches were played, seven were won, two were lost, and one drawn. Most of the games were played on the Victoria High School grounds against the following:

St. Margaret's School, Queen Margaret's School (Duncan), The Normal School, Oak Bay High School and Varsity.

Varsity did not hold its annual invasion this year and when the College visited Vancouver in February the Varsity Women defeated the College by the close score of 3-2.

The team worked well together, turning out regularly for practises throughout the year.

The team is as follows:

Forwards—Daphne Allen, Jean Duncan, Ann Hartley, Peggy Frank
Peggy Hamilton.

Half-backs—Pat Brown, Dallas Homer-Dixon, Helen Harris.

Backs—Margaret Little, Rosalind Young (Captain).

Goal—Sally Nixon.

Spares—Frances Gibbs, Bessie Thorne.



THE MEN'S BASKETBALL

OWING to the scarcity of material at the start of the season, the team decided against entering the City League but agreed to engage in as many exhibition games as possible.

Although several games were lost, the College met with a number of unexpected victories, the most notable being against the strong High School Quintette and the J.B.A.A. "Blues."

Their most decisive defeat was in the Island Knockout League where College lost by a score of 23-29 to the Knights of Pythias.

Many Collegians attended the team's most successful trip to Keating.

Perhaps the best game of the season was against the Duncan Seniors who defeated the Craigdarroch men in an overtime by a margin of four points.

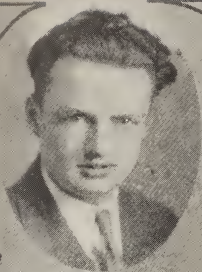
The team has engaged in thirteen features to date and has lost but four games.

The members of the team are:

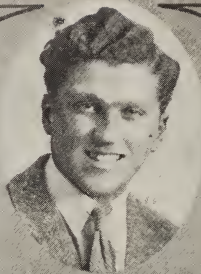
JOHN MORTIMER—A member of last year's team who has greatly improved.

LLOYD JONES—An able captain and a valuable forward who has gained many needed baskets. Lloyd also plays for Pedens' Senior Team.

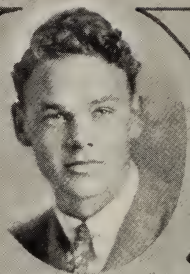
ARCHIE MILLER—A very aggressive guard with a number of points to his credit.



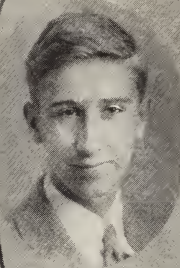
ALLAN TAYLOR



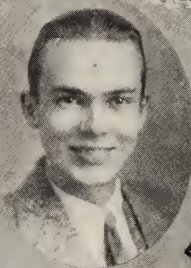
DESMOND BARRETT
(Captain)



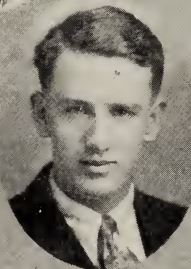
WALTER PARRY



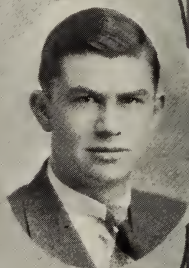
GUY BOWDEN



GORDON BELL



JACK CUNNINGHAM



ALEX MARLING

GOLFERS.



MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM



GIL. FRASER—A hustler guard and the mainstay of the College defense.

JAMES PETCH—A recruit from High School who plays a fast game.

HOWARD ENGLISH—A dependable forward and a good shot.

ARTHUR FIELDS—A sorrell-topped youth who has proved his worth.

JERRY GWYN—A Duncan youth who plays a steady game.

"Chuck" Chapman on several occasions donned a uniform and gave excellent service.



THE SWIMMING CLUB

THROUGH the efforts of several students a new field of athletics was opened up to the student body when the Victoria College Swimming Club was organized early in the first term. At the inaugural meeting the officers elected to control the Club were: Captain, Bill Findlay; Vice-Captain, Miss Eileen Shotbolt, and Secretary, Miss Peggy Hamilton. The Club obtained special rates at the Crystal Gardens and held bi-weekly practises there. Although the Club team did not participate in the invasion a good time was had by the members in swimming events that were held between themselves.

About the middle of the second term a swimming gala with the Normal School was arranged in which the College emerged with flying colors, downing their opponents by the score of 67-27.

In concluding we hope to have in the future an enlarged membership and further fields of conquest.



RUGBY

VICTORIA COLLEGE RUGGERS began the season with a slow start, but ended with a driving finish to retain the Provincial championship. With the aid of Coach Fraser Lister and Assistant Esson Young they battled successfully through one of the stiffest years experienced by the institution.

College won the first half of the league without a defeat, but met with a serious challenge from the J.B.A.A. aggregation. They began the second-half by a clear-cut licking at the hands of the strengthened J.B.A.A. team. Then two months later they defeated the same team by an equally decisive score for the City Championship.

In her exhibition games, College won one and lost one, both with 'Varsity. Ironically enough, they met this team for Provincial title. The match was staged at the Royal Athletic Park before a large and enthusiastic audience. College walked or rather staggered off the field after a gruelling struggle, on the long end of a 5-3 score.

Perhaps the most significant and praiseworthy feature of this year's team was the fact that they always defeated the teams which had defeated them. Credit is not only due to good Rugby material, but to an indomitable will that carried them through.

A criticism of the team follows:

MCINNES—One of the best full-backs in the city, uses good judgment and is coolest in emergencies.

COPELAND—"Found" himself this year and promises to be a good wing. Must watch running across the field.

BOORMAN—Valuable as an inside because he varies his play.

MILLER—Handles the ball well and uses his head.

BAPTY—A business-like player. Tackles well.



MOYES—Eminently well suited to his position. Takes all passes and can start line moving on either side.

COLGATE—A versatile player, playing forward or three-quarter equally well.

MABEE—A fine wing. Is a powerful runner and a good tackler.

ROBINSON—A tricky half. Can get the ball out when it seems a sheer impossibility.

CROTHALL—Plays wing forward and works to the team's advantage. He must watch the offside play.

CAREY—A forward who has the right idea in the loose.

WALTON—A valuable man for breaking up the runs of opponent's three-quarters. Should pack more in the loose.



WILSON—A hard worker who has improved steadily during the season. Will be a good leader in the loose.

SIEVERS—Applies to advantage what he learns in practises. Teams exceptionally well with Davidson.

SPRINKLING—Playing better than ever. The right kind of lock for the scrum.

DAVIDSON—The typical forward. Tackles well and is on the ball all the time.



GOLF

THE COLLEGE GOLFERS had a very successful year on the links. A meeting was held early in the term to elect a captain and a vice-captain. Desmond Barrett and Alex Marling were elected to these respective positions. The first match played during the term was against the Junior Members of the Uplands Golf Club. The match was played on the Uplands course and College won by a score of $9\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$. The second match of the year was played against Varsity, again on the Uplands Golf Course and ended in a draw—one match each. The College team did not fare so well on its trip to Vancouver losing by the score of 2 to 1. This was the first time that a six-man team was sent against U.B.C. The players who represented the College in the match against Varsity were Alan Taylor, Gordon Bell, Alex Marling, Peter Parry, Guy Bowden, Jack Cunningham, and Desmond Barrett.

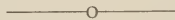


BADMINTON CLUB

THIS CLUB was only formed this year, but has already come into prominence, there being about forty members who have the use of six courts of the Willows Club three afternoons a week.

It is hoped more interest in the Club will be taken next year. Maxine Ewart (President) and Rowland Horsey (Secretary) were the officers for the year.

Two very enjoyable games were played with Normal School: the first was a nine all draw, while the second was lost by the close margin of 11-13.



Madame—Sprinkling man, how do you say in English, "Le vin est tire, nous devons boire."

Sprinkling—You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.



To Victoria College Students

A MESSAGE to a group of students whom I visit only occasionally is as difficult to compose as it will be uninteresting to read. While our associations have been few, I never approach, or recede from, your "beautiful city" (only a few copies of the Annual will reach Vancouver, I understand) but that the outline of your "castle" reminds me that a part of the University work is done—and well done—within those walls.

I know you have all enjoyed your work at the College. I trust many of you will find your way to the University next year—not just an "invasion", but for the completion of your course. We shall be glad to welcome you. When you do come I hope that "seeing the Dean" will not be considered an affliction—for either of us.

Yours sincerely,

DANIEL BUCHANAN,

Dean of Arts and Science.

(We noted with pleasure that MacMaster University conferred the Honorary Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) on Dean Buchanan during the fall term. We take this opportunity of extending our heartiest congratulations.)



JAMES A. GIBSON, a former student of the College, has recently been awarded a very high honour. In December it was announced that he had been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for British Columbia. Gibson will graduate from the University of British Columbia this spring. We wish to take this opportunity of congratulating him on this achievement, and to wish him good luck in the future. He came to the College with an enviable record both as an orator and debater and we are pleased to see he has kept up the good work. A prominent member of the Players' Club and a consistently fine student, James graduated from the College with an excellent record. He intends to specialize in history and economics at New College, Oxford, where he should prove a brilliant scholar.

ALEX MACLAURIN, one of our former students, was one of three to win the premier award of Beaux Arts Institute for 1930. In 1929 MacLaurin completed his freshman year at Victoria College with first-class honours.

Proceeding to the University of Washington he took up the study of architecture, in the first year of which he again took first-class honours. In January of this year the Beaux Arts Institute awarded him their highest honour for his design of "The Facade of a Science Building."



Tears and Smiles

“WILL you come with me to see Mrs. Baines, Janet?” asked my mother. “Her husband is very ill—he’s dying, I think. Perhaps we can help her in some way.” Mrs. Baines was our “char-lady”; she scrubbed the floors and washed the windows and worked about the house generally. Lately she had been unable to come because of her husband’s illness, and my mother had promised to pay her a visit.

Accordingly that evening we set out. Mrs. Baines’ home lay on the outskirts of the city in a district where gaunt houses huddle together for companionship, and such details as drains and street-paving are practically unknown. Leaving our bus we proceeded down a broken sidewalk. Great pools of muddy water lay across the road, and often inundated our path; dirty children ran screamingly about in the dusk; tattered rags, dimly seen, hung at the windows; and every front yard was a mass of sticks and unused lumber and refuse of all kinds.

“Surely she doesn’t live in this hole,” I said in disgust.

“The house is a little further up the hill,” replied my mother. “that grey one, I think.”

We soon came to the cottage. The gate in the upright picket fence opened easily at our touch, but no light shone in the windows. We went to the back door and knocked. No answer came; again we knocked. The creak of a chair sounded and a frightened voice called out, “Who’s there?”

“It’s only Mrs. Wickett and her daughter,” answered my mother.

The door was hastily opened.

“Oh, Mrs. Wickett, ‘e’s dead! ‘e’s dead!” Tears streamed down the woman’s face and her hands worked convulsively.

“You poor thing!” My mother led her to a chair and tried to comfort her. I stood tongue-tied, torn between a desire to condole and a wish to efface myself. Such grief was unknown to me; I felt the presence of some unfamiliar yet potent force.

“‘E was took to the ‘orspital this morning, mum,” said the bereaved woman, “I kept with ‘im all day. ‘E died at five o’clock.” She burst into renewed sobs. “Oh, but ‘e made a pretty corpse, poor feller, all so white and still. You know ‘e’s been awful tryin’ lately, but jest as ‘e were goin’ ‘e turned to me an’ ‘e said, ‘Ellen,’ says ‘e, ‘you’ve been a wonnerful wife to me.’ We been married ten years. Back ‘ome ‘is lung got bad an’ we came out ‘ere. But ‘e got worse and worse till ‘e took to ‘is bed. ‘E worked in the garden, though, at first—our lawn’s the finest round ‘ere.”

She grew more and more talkative, and before we left, she drew our attention to a brightly tinted photograph of a young girl.

“That’s me”, she said proudly, “taken afore I was married.”

As she talked her grief grew less; but though she became more cheerful as she stood at the door, shading her candle with one hand and peering out into the darkness, very broken and old she seemed—a lonely figure. What would she do now? I wondered; probably continue her charring. But what a prospect! My youthful imagination saw her bending over her work all day, then coming home to take up her vigil in a silent house, empty of all save the ghost of the dead. We had come upon a tragedy—a lowly one, it is true—but none the less real for all that; and I pitied the poor woman from the bottom of my heart.

Several months later my mother and I were in that same district again. As a neatly



dressed woman was about to pass us she turned and said, "You don't remember me, Mrs. Wickett."

"Mrs. Baines", we both exclaimed.

"Yes", she answered with a twinkle, "I'm Mrs. Baines; but"—she bent forward and winked mysteriously—"it ain't going to be much longer. I'm looking out for Number Two now. There's a young feller pesterin' me to marry 'im, an' I'm goin' to soon's we kin afford it. You know, mum, Mr. Baines were much older'n me: I'm only thirty."

She certainly did not look much more; her face had become plumper and her eyes sparkled.

"I hope you will be happy, Mrs. Baines," said my mother, "let me know if I can do anything for you." I did not speak. All my pictures of midnight vigils and candle light and tears slipped down from their high place and fell with a splash into the puddle at my feet.

—MAE MOORE



A Passage to Marseilles

HAROUN MOGRHABI reclined in the deck chair, his cigar glowing in the transparent darkness of the soft Mediterranean night. Above him in a sky lit with myriads of stars, the full moon was serene. Below and behind him the water swished softly as it flowed past, casting phosphorescent ripples on the tranquil surface of the ocean.

Contented reflections were flitting through his mind. He chuckled at the success of his carefully laid plans. Everything had been carried out as if by clockwork. Oh it was easy! And soon he would be in Marseilles; then Paris! Once there he would quickly secure lodgings in a quiet little street. And yet—but with a shrug he banished an unwelcome thought; he was safe, for who would think of tracking him here? Once again he chuckled, this time aloud.

A cool breeze from the west softly caressed his smooth brown face. The dark eyes quickened at the sight of a dull redness in the sky, far away. It must be Vesuvius, he thought, not yet dormant after the recent eruption. He remembered the headlines about the catastrophe in the Smyrnian newspapers. In the frenzy of a hurried departure, he had purchased one, but had never read it. The thought of all the attendant misery and suffering, however, did not cloud his brow, or sadden his thoughts.

A step sounded on the iron-barred companionway. Simultaneously two figures vanished into the deep shadow of a nearby lifeboat. The brass buttons of the new arrival gleamed faintly in the dusk, as he leaned against the rail. The silence was broken only by the swishing sound of the water as it glided past. The form in the deck chair stirred, spoke:

"Good evening, officer. Very pleasant out here is it not?"

"Very, monsieur," assented the latter, a dapper little man.



"Do you see that red in the sky over there, monsieur? That is Vesuvius. It is only twenty miles away. Tragic isn't it?"

"What?"

"Why the loss of life and property," the officer replied politely.

"Oh, yes it is very pathetic. I am indeed sorry for those poor people," glibly lied the Turk. After a short silence the officer murmured, "Monsieur will excuse me?" and moved off.

The sound of the water bubbling and swishing against the ship's sides, deadened the stealthy approach of the two dim figures. They hesitated behind the chair, tense, scarcely breathing. Slowly four lean hands were raised to within inches of Haroun's sleek head. Something, it may have been promptings of an inner consciousness, warned the man of impending danger. He started in his chair, and quickly turned around. The cry of terror which he was about to give, was halted before a sound escaped his throat. Strong hands were clamped over his mouth. With a dexterous flick of wrists, silk cord was wound around his neck. Slowly it was drawn taut.

The two avengers moved rapidly now, talking in guttural whispers. One crept to the companionway to warn his colleague of any danger. Dead silence. Then at a sharp hiss, the body of Haroun Moghrabi was lifted over the rail, steadied, then let fall. There was a dull splash as it sank beneath the surface. Two figures, still as statues in the moonlight, listening. Not a sound was heard as they melted again into the darkness.

The water swished faintly.

JAMES T. MOYES



A Storm at Sea

THAT afternoon the steamer was laboring heavily; she was making no headway, and in fact was barely holding her own against the strength of the storm. In the stokehold a foot or so of black water rushed to and fro with every lurch; lumps of coal were carried along by the water, much to the annoyance of the firemen, who tripped over them continually. Now and then a cascade would pour down one of the ventilators, and a cloud of steam would arise from the hot boiler, but the fireman kept on swearing and staggering from the bunker to the fire doors, where he kitched the coal.

In the engine room the engineer stood with his hand on the throttle ready to close it whenever the ship's bows went down and her stern rose so much that the screw began to race. If he had not done this the propeller would have been flung off, and the steamer left helpless. The bilges were full and the bilge pumps were furiously endeavoring to rid the ship of the water that had found its way in and covered the floor-plates in some places.

During the first watch that afternoon, my trick at the wheel, I had all I could do to keep the vessel from falling off from the wind and broaching to. By broaching to, I mean heading at right angles to the sea; the ship would founder in two or three minutes if this were allowed to happen. The steering wheel was trying to tear itself out of my hands, but I clung on, knowing well the consequences if I once let go. Spray



came in through the pilot house windows which a sea had broken during the morning. The captain stood at one window and the mate at another.

And now a big foaming sea, roaring wildly, made for the ship; in it's rush it looked as mischevious and destructive as a madman with an axe. Carefully I eased the helm to the headlong pitch of the vessel but without taking my eyes off the coming wave. It towered close to the steamer, like a wall of green glass, topped with snow. The ship leaped up to meet it and rested for a moment, poised on the very crest as if she were some great seabird. Then she slid down and buried her stem and forecastle head deep into the next wave. She gave a lurch to leeward, and the sea cascaded off the fore-castle head and filled the well deck. Trembling, the vessel strove to rise and free herself of the immense burden which had descended upon her. As she slowly rose, the wash-ports opened and the water poured overboard. The hard gusts of wind came like the brutal blows of a fist. The ship tossed about, shaken furiously like a toy in the hand of a lunatic. Out of the abysmal darkness of the black cloud overhead white hail streamed on her—round and gleaming in the murky turmoil, like a shower of pearls. Yielding reluctantly to the violent onset of the seas, the ship came up with a stately and irresistible force as she headed into the teeth of the screeching squall.

Then a wild night rushed in and stamped out in a great howl that dismal remnant of a stormy day. There was no sleep on board that night. Most seamen remember one or two such nights of a culminating gale. Nothing seems left of the whole universe but darkness, clamour, and fury, and the ship. The dynamo was out of commission, and the tin oil-lamp in the focse'le, suspended on a string and smoking, described wide circles. Several inches of water ran here and there over the floor.

In the bunks men lay fully dressed resting on their elbows and with open eyes. Hanging suits of oilskins swung out and in, lively and disquieting, like restless ghosts of decapitated seamen dancing in a tempest. No one spoke and all listened.

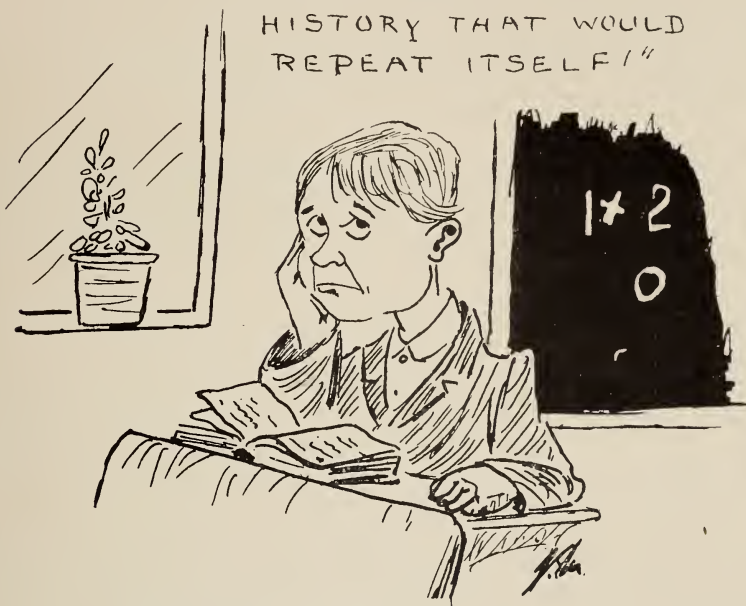
Outside the night moaned and sobbed to the accompaniment of a continuous loud tremor as of innumerable drums beating far off. Shrieks passed through the air. Tremendous dull blows made the ship tremble while she rolled under the weight of the seas falling on the deck. At times she soared up swiftly as if to leave this earth forever, then during interminable moments, fell through a void, with all the hearts on board her standing still, till a frightful shock, started them off again with a big thump. Now and then in the fiercer burst of the terrible uproar, the ship remained on her side, vibrating and still, with a stillness more terrifying than the wildest motion. Then upon all these prone bodies, a stir, a shiver of suspense would pass. A man would raise his anxious head; another would move his legs a little as if making ready to jump out, while yet another, motionless on his back and with one hand gripping the edge of his damp bunk, staring upward, smoked nervously with quick puffs; immobilised in a great craving for peace.

Next morning the sky began to clear, and bright sunshine gleamed over the ship. After every burst of battering seas, bright and fleeting rainbows arched over the wallowing hull, in the fleck of the sprays. The sea was as heavy as the night before but the gusts of wind were now less strong.

When the sun came out the ship seemed to sense victory; she now fought the elements with renewed vigor and won.

—KEN. BENNETT

"GEE! I WISH I HAD A
HISTORY THAT WOULD
REPEAT ITSELF!"



SOMETHING
IS WRONG WITH
MY VILLIANOUS
GLARE, I GOTTA
PRACTICE UP
ON IT!



PROF. E.J. SAVANNAH
AFTER THE FIRST "FROSH"
CHEM. LAB..

BOOK REVIEWS

"IN SEARCH OF IRELAND"

by H. V. MORTON

MR. H. V. MORTON, noted traveller and writer, tells the story of how he was in a strange town on the shores of the Mediterranean, among strange people, when a sudden longing for a glimpse of his native land possessed him. He wondered at the time, how many in other lands had similar longing and the thought came to him, "Why not give these exiles something tangible to remind them of the traditions and the beauty of their homelands?"

With this idea in mind, he immediately returned to England where he made an extensive tour of the country, the villages and the cities. The result of this tour is described in his book, "In Search of England." The success of the experiment was proved by the fact that there are in existence over sixty-four thousand copies. With this success to encourage him, he immediately commenced to write a second volume, "In Search of Scotland." This book also proved to be a success, having more than eighty-six thousand copies in circulation. And now we have, within the last few months his latest endeavour, "In Search of Ireland."

If one were to ask an Englishman which book he preferred he would undoubtedly reply "In Search of England." The Scotsman would tell you "In Search of Scotland," and the Irishman without hesitation would say "In Search of Ireland." But to one of neutral nationality, the question would be one requiring considerably more serious thought.

There is no doubt regarding the merits of "In Search of Ireland." It also is the record of a motor-car tour right round the island. He discourses on the Irish landscape in a very admirable manner. The author has at his command words to describe scenes and objects, that up to this time were given a haphazard adjectival description which was incomplete. In describing Kerry he says "The very rain weeps rather than falls over the land and the wind is a sigh." To those who have visited or lived in that part of Ireland they will at once recognize the real truth behind the words "Weeps" and "Sighs." There are no others could describe that particular rain and wind so adequately.

Another gift that seems to be peculiar to Morton, is his ability to gain the confidence of every type of individual he happens to meet on the road. Endowed with this faculty he has roamed through the Irish cottages and farms, and gathered a wealth of tales and history that have been passed down through the ages. These he has interwoven with the authorized histories of today, making a history which describes in detail the peculiarities and mannerisms of this comparatively unknown race. He has also succeeded in capturing a few of the fairy tales of Ireland, those quaint stories that have so much truth behind them, yet are so hard to believe.

There is no doubt that this book is indeed one of the finest and truest ever written about this misunderstood country. There are, however, details that could have been improved upon. The Irish engineer, for example, would like to hear more about the Shannon River Electric Power Scheme. The Irish economist in other lands would be interested in the business projects in Belfast, while the student would like to hear more about the colleges in Dublin and elsewhere. The author also had that trait of describing something that he was particularly interested in, to the neglect of other parts of the country that were of greater interest to many of his readers.



Yet with these omissions he has paved the way to something that has not been approached up to this time, namely any understanding of the view point of Ireland and the view point of England along many matters of state. He has given us an insight into that mysterious characteristic of the Irish, the art of not being able to forget the past, which, along with a few plausible explanations will give England something to think about.

After reading this book through from cover to cover, there is one point upon which we will all agree. Morton has given the Irishmen, in far off lands, "Something tangible to remind them of the traditions and beauty of their homeland."

—G.C.W



"THE ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION AND POWER PROJECT"

by H. G. MOULTON, C.S.

"THERE is, indeed more than immediate economic need behind the Middle Western's belief in the St. Lawrence Waterway. There is ambition. Our eternal American ambition to become greater than we are, the ambition of Duluth to grow as big as Milwaukee, of Milwaukee to outstrip Detroit, of Detroit to be a second Chicago—by some magic of water transport, of freedom to the markets of the world. There's pride. The Great Lakes city wants to be able to say: "We take no second place to New York. We, too, are a seaport town." In this quotation from W. Waldron's "We Explore the Great Lakes" the authors of "St. Lawrence Navigation and Power Project" leave us the only argument for a St. Lawrence Waterway which they have not thought necessary to assail. The St. Lawrence Development is a question which promises to be of increasing importance to Canada and the United States. For almost a century plans have been periodically brought forward for the construction of a shipway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Great Lakes. Various routes have been discussed, at times by the Canadian Government, sometimes by the American Government, and now by a joint conference of the two. The project, at present before the governments of the two countries, calls for the construction of a deep-water channel in the "restricted section of the St. Lawrence from the lower end of Lake Ontario" to just above Montreal. Those favoring the project argue that it will reduce transportation costs, thereby giving much needed relief to the interior of both countries, and that it will lead to the development of immense power resources. Estimates of the yearly benefit to grain producers vary greatly, one report claiming that the "value in a single year to the farmers alone would equal the capital cost of the waterway." The report of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association expects the proposed route to "reduce the cost of moving freight to and from the Middle West by an estimated four dollars per ton." The power that may be developed in the "restricted section" is undoubtedly enormous. The St. Lawrence receives from the Great Lakes an average flow of two hundred and forty-six thousand cubic feet of water per second and this flow is calculated to yield four million horsepower to Canada and one million horsepower to the United States. We might note that this is four times the installed capacity of the power plants now operating at Niagara Falls, and that Canada's share of four million



horsepower is about equal to the present turbine installation in Ontario and Quebec. The total estimated cost of the waterway, including the one hundred and fifteen million dollar New Welland Canal, allowing for improvement of the River and Lake Channels, and provision for harbour and port deepsea shipping facilities, is six hundred and fourteen million dollars. The authors place the probable power cost at three hundred and eighty-five million dollars, making roughly a total of one billion dollars for the scheme. Estimates place the annual charges at forty million, six hundred thousand dollars for the navigation project and twenty-five million dollars for power. Even in these days of adding machine numbers such figures are not to be treated lightly. It would be wise to spend considerable time, money, and thought in determining if these huge expenditures are economically sound.

"The St. Lawrence Navigation and Power Project" is published by the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution. The Carnegie Corporation, in establishing the Institute, declared: "the Institute shall be conducted with the sole object of ascertaining the facts about current economic problems and of interpreting these facts for the people of the United States in the most simple and understandable form." While the three designated authors have had primary responsibility for the book as a whole, the volume has required the aid of several experts in connection with the many technical questions involved. To Edwin C. Nourse, Chief of the Agricultural Division of the Institute, must go the credit for the chapters on the proposed waterway with reference to agricultural relief. Duncan A. MacGibbon, of the University of Alberta and a Canadian authority on transportation, collaborated on the Canadian aspects of the project. The New York engineering firm of Sanderson & Porter contributed a particularly exhaustive report dealing with the marketing of the United States share of the power which would be developed. Information has been contributed by shipping companies, notably the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, Canadian Steamship Lines and the Luckenbach interests. Statistics of the Canadian and United States Customs Departments have been used extensively, as well as figures submitted by the various manufacturers' organizations regarding movements of commodities throughout the United States and Canada.

In presenting their conclusions the authors take issue with the popular view that water movement is relatively cheap. They note that for many years the governments of Canada and the United States have been meeting the overhead costs on the canal systems. Tolls for the use of the waterways have not in most cases, been sufficient to cover the annual charges, nor is it proposed that the shippers on the new waterway shall meet the costs of the navigation development. The book reminds us that the railways would be in a position to charge much lower rates if the governments would buy their rights-of-way and meet the overhead costs on their lines. The enormous overhead incident to the construction and maintenance of the canals had been shifted from the shipper to the taxpayer, but the costs are transportation costs none the less. The authors have made a very honest attempt to find out what traffic is now moving down the St. Lawrence, what additional traffic would use the proposed twenty-seven foot waterway and what such traffic is paying at the present time. Mr. Moulton and his associates have obviously taken great pains in making up their freight analysis. Their finding is that the traffic would not exceed ten million five hundred thousand tons a year, of which sixty percent would be grain and two-thirds of that would be of Canadian origin. This would mean a cost to the taxpayers of the two countries of about three dollars and fifty cents per ton or eleven cents per bushel of wheat. The present rate from Duluth to Montreal averages nine cents per bushel. Authorities agree that the new route could move wheat to Vancouver for five cents per bushel. There is then a



saving of about four cents per bushel, but to secure this saving for the shipper, the taxpayer must pay out eleven cents a bushel—a transaction which is hardly good economics.

The book is not greatly interested in Canadian power rates, but it notes that many Canadian engineers are of the opinion that Ontario and Quebec have undeveloped power reserves which call for utilization before the St. Lawrence is further tapped. Sanderson & Porter report that there are two markets available for the United States million horsepower, namely Metropolitan New York and the New England centre, and in both of these steam will produce cheaper electricity than will the St. Lawrence. They mention the possibility of using the power at the River for electrochemical and electro-metallurgical industries. It seems to me that the Institute might have investigated this phase of the power question a little further. It would be interesting to find how much such industries are paying for power in the United States and in perhaps Germany and Sweden. We are told that these industries are still in their infancy. It would be worthwhile to know how great are the possibilities of North America, for taking and holding world leadership in these enterprises.

I feel that the Brookings Institute has produced in its report, a work of real value. The author's warning to Canada that her need is not more transportation facilities, but more business for her present equipment is a timely one and one that we would do well to remember. Depression has followed boom and boom has followed depression, but we are still far from realizing just how poor economists and accountants we are. I fear that we are rapidly developing the happy faculty of seeming to make figures prove that almost any expenditure is an investment that will yield returns. We are not careful to secure all the facts possible before drawing conclusions. The St. Lawrence Waterway has been but another excuse for the display of the most inaccurate and ill-founded optimism. Mr. Moulton, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Lee are to be complimented on their refusal to be moved by the enthusiasm of every Middle Western Chamber of Commerce which has caught the vision of the flags of Holland and Germany, England or Japan, coming over the horizon of the inland seas of North America.

—D. PURVES.



“ANGEL PAVEMENT”

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

“ANGEL PAVEMENT” is perhaps not the best of Priestley's novels; the “Good Companion,” the fame of which has focussed the eyes of the literary world on its author, seems better able to merit this covetous position. It is, however, an outstanding success which will undoubtedly find appreciation among those readers who value pleasing, accurate descriptions of men and places in preference to the blood-curdling action so necessary to the popular books of today.

Priestley's style closely resembles that of Charles Dickens; his descriptions of London byways might, but for the mechanical changes of our age, have been written by the author of *Nicholas Nickleby*, while the people portrayed seem to be the reincarnation of those immortal characters created by the master story-teller of the 19th century.

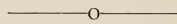


The book, "Angel Pavement" is a graphic picture of the lives of a typical staff of office workers in a business whose trade is so stagnant that but for the arrival of a rejuvenating force in the person of a "Mr. Goathe" it would certainly have dwindled completely away. Mr. Derringham, the owner and manager of the establishment, personifying commercial incompetency and the old "Worrelean" school spirit; Mr. Smith, the submissive head accountant, alternately elated with the prospects of an increase in salary and depressed with the belief that such good fortune could not possibly be his; Miss Matson, the superior stenographer, whose vocabulary consists chiefly of very slangy expressions of disgust; Turgis, the insignificant junior clerk, who is so occupied with romantic dreams that he has no time to waste on work or personal appearance; Miss Poppy Sellers, the assistant typist, who despite her Cockney accent and appearance, firmly believes herself to be in possession of a fascinating Eastern beauty; Stanley, the office boy, who lives in a world peopled with desperate criminals, all of whom he "shadders" when sent on errands; Mr. Goathe and his daughter, a pair of unscrupulous adventurers; all seem to come to life in the pages of this book.

The scenes of the novel range from the cabin of a freighter plowing its way between the warehouses which cover the banks of the Thames to a musty stagnant office in a squat dark old building, situated in a little-known side street of the great smutty, foggy, metropolis—London.

"Angel Pavement" will not be forgotten tomorrow, it will take its place among the best novels of the period and will be read with the same enjoyment by other generations as we now read Dickens' masterpieces. As we value Dickens' works for the insight into 19th century England which they contain—so will they value this book for its descriptions of London people and their reactions to the great progressive strides in scientific achievement and thought which the age has contained.

J. D. SMITH



The professor was asked to give his definition of woman. After clearing his throat he began in his leisurely way:—

"Woman is, generally speaking ——."

"Stop right there, professor," interrupted a masculine listener, "you'll never get any nearer to it than that."

—PUNCH.



And It Only Took Twenty Minutes

THE curtain floated down amid a crashing outbreak of hearty applause and the noise of crackling peanut shells beneath the feet of the stamping audience, who were vainly endeavouring to keep warm. But there was a full twenty minutes of anxious suspense before that drapery showed any signs of floating up again.

Behind the scenes one could see ample excuse for the delay. Stage hands were dashing to and fro; roof and walls were showering down; actors were dodging flying missiles and flying men; all was confusion. But there in the midst of it all was our Honorary President, peaceful and calm of countenance, serenely picking flowers in front of the one-time cottage of Thomas Major.

Nor was H.R.H. the only one living in ignorance of impending danger, for near by stood our courageous Richard Varwell, three sheets to the wind, loudly protesting that water colored with ink might look all very well to the audience, but it was not quite palatable. Then to add to the general disorder, in rushed Thomas Major with the property crab contentedly adhering to his dripping whiskers. Thomas, it appears, had not been very particular where he plunged his flaming beard following an accident when his pipe had backfired.

Later it was noticed that two important men were missing, namely our lawyer, and our electrician. A search party was organized and the man hunt began, they looked under the scenery and among the curtains, but no sign of them anywhere. Finally Baslow was discovered clinging desperately to a lofty beam in a position which suggested that at one time he might have had a ladder under him, before some stage-hand with a very low outlook on life, had removed it to some other region. With a joyful shout someone found the electrician strung up to some of his complicated wiring in a remote part of the scenery. Ten minutes before he had suddenly discovered that one should always turn the current off before cutting a wire with a knife.

In the dressing room and property room there was equal disturbance. Mr. Gwyn, the gentleman who discovered a new type of wave motion, was vainly yelling: "Someone help me move the rowboat off the piano, we need it in our business." For a few minutes there was a lull, then the calm voice of Jenifer Varwell was heard declaring, as sundry garments precipitated themselves from behind a half-buried screen, "My olfactory senses tell me that Joe's fish is about as old as I look." In the only vacant corner there was a heated debate between "Hoot" Gibson and Mr. Gage. There had been a serious mistake and one of the two was responsible. Gibson claimed there were two more than Mr. Gage had stated, but an agreement was finally reached on a basis of two snickers equal to one laugh, which gave both a total of twenty-six laughs for the first act.

Monty, our peerless President, who had returned from a trip of inspection, and had been peering between the curtains, commented: "the house is not very full, we might as well leave the second act out and do it twice tomorrow." Then he suddenly remembered something, called the property-girls and gave the last minute orders of a few forgotten articles. "Run up to the College and get the carpet out of the students' council room, get a walking stick, a sofa, knives and forks, a china dog—no make it two dogs—and stick around. I might think of something else."

To those who took time to notice, this was perhaps one of the most beautiful of all Romeo and Juliet scenes. The charming Lydia was sitting in the fireplace, beside her was Richard Varwell and there in the quiet of their own world, forgetful of all that



was going on around them, they acted and reacted the last scene. But when love creeps in, tragedy follows after. In another corner, reclining limply in a wheel chair and clothed in a fur coat which was not sufficient to keep the chill from his shuddering limbs, was another actor. He was ill, even unto death, with just enough energy left to gargle the life-giving medicine administered by the kind and faithful hands of Emma Major, in an almost vain hope to keep his weakening voice intact. Would he be able to go on for the second act? It was doubtful, but behind that lagging heart there was only one slogan—"The show must go on." He gulped another mouthful.

—G. C. W.

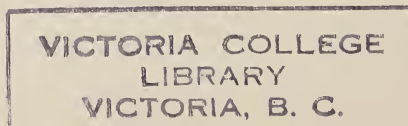


THE LAST LAUGH

When my last stale gag is written, and the last cartoon is ripe,
And I cast my last full copy-sheet to the ravenous linotype;
I shall leave for a long vacation, in Tahiti, Port Said, or Madrid
And hide from the people I didn't razz, as well as the people I did.

If you can broadly smile at every coarse quip,
And when you're razzed, just turn the other cheek;
And not come looking for me with a horse-whip,
Or say: "I saw that joke in Judge last week"—
If you can laugh at everything I've written—
Find mirth in every cut and every line;
Not only will you show a sense of humor,
But what is more, you'll be a friend of mine.

Bona Macmurchie



PRIZE SCIENTIFIC ESSAYS



The Byrd Antarctic Expedition

THE DOCKS of the little New Zealand port of Dunedin were alive with hurrying workers and noisy trucks, loading the last of the freight aboard the schooner "Eleanor Bolling." Gradually the swarm of men rushing to and from the ship subsided. From the stubby funnel belched clouds of black smoke, and the men on deck were lashing down the last dog crates. The winches groaned as they pulled the last cables aboard and the propeller churned up the harbour water as the gaunt grey schooner backed away from the wharf. A shout went up from the docks and whistles rent the air. The "Bolling" headed out to sea and New Zealand bade farewell to Commander Byrd and his Antarctic explorers.

Christmas day found the "Bolling" and the "City of New York" at the edge of the ice pack after a thousand miles of rough sailing. A heavy coat of ice had frozen on the rigging and both ships took green water over the rail as the sea heaved in long, heavy swells. The whaler "Larsen" which had scoured the pack for days in search of an opening, took the "City" in tow and charged the pack near the 173rd meridian. After days of ceaseless hammering with the steel prow of the "Larsen" the ships sighted Ross Sea and its towering icebergs. In full sail, loaded to the gunwales, the



ships struck out for the Barrier under their own power. All hands fell to stoking the fires that they might reach the huge ice plateau before another fierce storm should lash them.

The Barrier finally reached, the backbreaking task of unloading began, and the dog drivers struggled with their teams, which were overjoyed to be on real ice after so much tropical weather. The base, "Little America" was established in a sheltered basin not far from Amundsen's former camp. Day after day the teams traversed the eight miles of icy trail hauling supplies from the ships to the base. After weeks of endless toil the city took shape. The three steel radio towers and a few insulated buildings were all that appeared above the snow. The city consisted of rooms and tunnels dug out of the snow; even the three airplane hangars were built of snow blocks. As the great red ball was getting lower in the sky the camp prepared for the long winter. Only a few short exploration flights were made, the aerial survey camera recording the discoveries at the rate of four thousand square miles per hour. Byrd sitting in the cabin of the plane saw and counted the peaks of a new range, the Rockefeller Mountains, and less than half a second later the New York Times had the news.

The Geological Party took the Fokker monoplane to explore the Rockefeller Mountains at once. In a wind storm that raged at one hundred and fifty miles an hour the plane was torn loose from its ice moorings and hurtled backwards through the air before crashing on a glacier. The Fairchild came to the rescue in a flight made extremely hazardous by the gales of approaching winter, and carried the party back in safety.

The long winter was occupied in planning and building for the South Polar flight and the geological expedition to the "hump"—the Queen Maude Range, guarding the Polar Plateau. Volumes of data were gathered from the series of scientific tests and observations conducted. The meteorological staff made records of temperatures and wind velocities at varying altitudes. The photographers managed to develop their films at sub-zero weather, the developer often freezing on the film. The cook, the busiest man in the settlement was aided by the doctor as dietician. The radio men besides studying the magnetic disturbances of the Pole provided a powerful receiving set for the journalistic staff. Some of the men insisted on watching their breath freeze out in the open, and they usually retreated with painful frostbites. Their clothing was a matter of individual taste; mits, boots, and sleeping bags were of such variety, that they would baffle all but the initiated.

After months of darkness, the return of the sun found Little America completing the details of the Polar Flight and the Geological sledge trip. The restless dogs were finally harnessed and the sledges and the snowmobile set out with their heavy loads. These were gradually lightened as reserve depots were laid down to provide for any emergency in the Polar Flight.

The geological party reached the Queen Maude range with most of its dogs, but the Ford Snowmobile had been crippled by the heavy weather. The party immediately proceeded to study the geology of the range and some very valuable discoveries were recorded. Copper, titanium, and iron were found, and on the summit of Mt. Nilsen they located a coal bearing strata which they believed to underlie the whole polar plateau. Theories advanced by Amundsen and other explorers regarding the contour of the continent, were further substantiated by the work of the party, and valuable photographs of the ice formations were obtained.



The geologists stood by to give weather reports to the Polar Fliers who were in readiness at Little America. The huge tri-motored Ford, "Floyd Bennett", circled low on its way to the Pole, dropping pictures and food to the men of the party. Then heading for a glacier pass it proceeded to climb gradually. In one narrow pass there was no alternative but to go on. Could this seven ton plane reach its ceiling of 14,500 feet, and have enough power to take it through? Doubt was written on the pilots face—in a flash he dropped 250 pounds of foodstuffs through the trap door of the plane. She shot up over the "hump" and droned smoothly on to the Pole. The excitement grew intense as they neared the pole, Byrd constantly checking their position with his sun compasses and tables. In anticipation of this great moment the party carried a large American flag, weighted with a stone from the grave of the gallant Floyd Bennett, the hero who piloted Byrd to the North Pole in 1926, and who was to have accompanied him on the South Polar Expedition but for his untimely death.

In a moment Byrd released the flag—the pole had been won. Having at last realized their life ambition the men first paid silent tribute to Amundsen, Shackleton, Scott and Mawson, and all that gallant train who had braved the rigours of the Antarctic in search of the Pole. The plane roared triumphantly through the sky, circling and recircling the globe, the cameras clicking off pictures at lightning speed and the radio telling the world of their achievement. Bidding the Pole a last adieu, they started back for Little America. They passed over the madly cheering geological party who were themselves jubilant over their discovery of Amundsen's cairn. The plane out of sight, the Geological Party started the long trek back home.

At little America the task of abandoning the little city had begun. A few short exploration flights finished the work in the air. The struggle to load the sturdy old "City of New York" before the ice would freeze them in, was upon them. The "Bol-ling" had been unable to force the Pack, and considerable equipment including the planes had to be left. Finally the "City" was loaded and the Expedition bade farewell to its ice home and to that great unknown continent Antarctica.

—Wm. C. Gibson



FORGETFUL

Father—"Why were you kept in at school?"

Son—"I didn't know where the Azores were."

Father—"Well, in future just remember where you put things."

HIS SECOND LIFE

Indignant Reader (rushing into the office of the editor): "Look here, you've published an announcement of my death by mistake. That's got to be fixed up somehow. What are you going to do?"

Editor: "Well, we never contradict anything we have published, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put you in the births column to-morrow, and give you a fresh start."

MERCY!

Snap—"The photographers never do me justice."

Shot—"You want mercy, not justice."



Electric Eyes

THE TRAFFIC SUPERINTENDENT of the new Ambassador Bridge at Detroit, can tell by glancing at his control board, which traffic lanes are in operation, and whether the density of traffic warrants the use of fewer or more lanes. When a car stops, it intercepts a beam of light from a source in the ceiling of the toll-shed. This interception causes a photo electric cell to function, which causes a magnetic counter to register, and an indicator light to go on. The frequency with which this light goes on and off shows the traffic density for a particular lane.

Methods for operating talking pictures depend on the use of the "electric eye." The sound to be recorded is transformed into electrical energy, amplified, transformed into light variations, and finally transformed either onto a sound track on the film, or onto a wax disc. In the case of the film, the sound track is either of constant width and varying density or constant density and varying width. In reproduction, when a relatively large amount of light enters the photo electric cell through a transparent section of the film a correspondingly large amount of current flows in the circuit, where it is stepped up through a transformer and then fed to an amplifier and from there to an electro-dynamic loudspeaker.

New methods of taking pictures in the dark or in fog have been devised. A photo electric cell specially sensitized to infra-red rays, which are not stopped by haze as are ultra-violet, is used.

These "electric eyes" used in conjunction with an electric thermometer or thermocouple, are capable of detecting the heat of a candle six miles away. The bolometer, even more sensitive, can respond to a temperature of one five millionth of a degree.

A colorscope, as it is called, is now used to match two colors more exactly than the human eye could. In this apparatus there are two "eyes," connected to a galvanometer in such a manner that when both are receiving the same amount of light the needle will be at zero. If there is a difference of shade, even too slight for the eye to detect, the galvanometer needle will be deflected.

Recently an experiment in New York opened up possibilities for remote control in the automobile world. At the command of a low spoken voice into a telephone, a robot car was made to operate in every way. This was accomplished with the use of the photo electric cell.

Air mail beacons and city street lights are now turned on by "electric eyes." When the proper intensity of illumination is reached, the cell, which has been set for a certain amount of light, responds, closing circuits which operate switches.

The "electric eye's" reaction to light makes it give off electric currents capable of operating relays, which will start or stop machinery, operate graph needles, or perform other laboratory or shop service. Besides being the heart of television it is put to numerous other uses, such as picking cigars of the choicest color, acting as burglar and fire alarms, and giving warning when the exhaust gas in the Holland vehicular tunnel under the Hudson river becomes dangerous.



The secret of these wonders is the photo electric cell. In simplest form it consists of a glass bulb silvered internally and on this inner coating is deposited a very thin layer of some metal such as potassium. In the bulb's centre is a collecting electrode supported on a wire, which is sealed directly through the glass. To measure light intensities all the electron stream, that is, the electric current, liberated, must be collected and the current measured because the number of electrons is directly proportional to the intensity of light. To get a greater effect a negative potential is applied to the potassium surface while the collecting electrode is positive. The electrons leaving the potassium surface, and accelerated by an applied potential, now cause ionization of gas in the tube by collision, producing a greatly increased current.

Improvements have followed and the sensitivity has been increased, either by using a purer form of potassium, in a sensitive colloidal state, or by admitting a small amount of helium instead of completely evacuating the bulb.

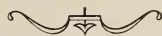
In a new type of photo electric cell the current is so powerful that when a rapidly flickering light shines on it, the current can be fed into a loudspeaker and a note, vibrating at the same frequency as the light, can be heard. It is more sensitive to infra-red light than other types. The essential part is a "sandwich" of copper oxide between two layers of metallic copper. In this cell, when the light falls on one of the thin copper layers, the electrons are driven off, and, after passing through the copper oxide layer (only a few layers of molecules in depth), they reach the other layer of copper producing an electric current.

With the advent of greater development and efficiency in this instrument, there are possibilities of converting light directly into large quantities of electricity and possibly of the transmission of power through space.

—QUINN CAMPBELL



A young man at college named Hayes,
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.A.'s,
Collapsed from the strain;
Said his doctor : "Tis plain
You're killing yourself by degrees.



PRESENCE OF MIND

Terrifying screams and groans issued from the dentist's surgery; so much so that by the time "Next, please," was called the patient in the waiting-room had got thoroughly scared.

Popping his head through the door, he ejaculated : "Haircut, please."

The dentist, Mr. Soregum, looked up in surprise. "This isn't a barber's," he said.

"Oh, sorry," murmured the patient, and gleefully carried his swollen face out into the night.



SUNSET

Pray, oh mist in the valley's fold !
Sing, thou sky of soft-spun gold !
The leafless oak bends his lacey head,
And the pine tree worships, darkly dread,
The mystery hid by these priests from old.
And the sacrificial fires burn low;
Behind the hills the brazen glow
Sinks to a palely purple rest ;
And down the greying mountains' crest
We softly from our worship go.

—May Moore (*First prize*)



WONDERING

When life, like the Old Man of the Sea,
 Seems crushing me,
I think you are only a clod that deems
All visions and song untrue—
 But I wish I knew—
When the wistful spirits of unborn dreams
Call to me through the aching blue,
 Do they call to you ?

Does birdsong echoe in your soul, too,
 Long after the bird has flown ?
Do ghost flowers hover in sunset mists ?
Does the pitiful rain make moan,
And beat on your heart with tiny clenched fists,
 As it beats on my heart ?

—Mildred Janes



ER ——— SPRING !

You perfectly priceless old thing.
The buds—er, burst, and the flowers—er—shoot;
The jolly old lambs gambol over the lea—
A chappie shines forth in a topping Spring suit,
 And gloves in his hand,
 Strolls forth on the Strand;
To dash out and take some young flapper to tea;
When the giddy old bird's on the wing—
 In the Spring !

—Bona Macmurchie

The Annual Board



EDITORS—Gordon Bell, Nel Muirhead.

CO-EDITORS—Peace Cornwall, Peggy Parsons,
James Moyes.

ART EDITOR—A. Elizabeth Campbell.

ASSISTANTS—Chas. Kennedy, Alan Campbell,
J. Stanton, E. C. Duff Wilson,
Alex Marling, Ken Ross.



Oberammergau and Its Passion Play

by DAPHNE ALLEN

I ARRIVED at Oberammergau in the middle of the summer when the tourist season was at its height. At first the little village and its quaint inhabitants amused me; so strange was the Biblical appearance of the men with their long hair and beards. The women also, clothed in the fashion of a by-gone day made a great impression on me. What a marked contrast divided these people from the invading tourists to whom they had given up their homes during the performance of the Passion Play.

The village was much more commercialized than I had expected. I had not before visualised these folk riding motor cycles or driving automobiles. However, it is not until recent years that the people of Oberammergau have indulged in these modern means of transportaion. I was slightly disillusioned in spite of my amusement.

Very shortly after the thirty years war a more treacherous enemy than any war could bring threatened Oberammergau. It was the Black Death. Though strict measures were taken to prevent anyone from entering or leaving the village, a farm hand came from a nearby town to see how his family fared. He brought the disease with him and the pestilence spread quickly from house to house. The citizens prayed for deliverance and solemnly pledged to perform the Passion of Christ every ten years. When the plague abated the people fulfilled their vows. Thus was the origin of the Passion Play.

The play itself is quite the most wonderful spectacle I have ever seen or wish to see. A spirit of awe reigns supreme all through the eight-hour performance. Never have eight hours passed so quickly for me. At eight o'clock in the morning the vast Passion Play Theatre filled. After the Overture, stately men and women in flowing robes, entered from arcades flanking either side of the stage, which accommodates easily from five to six hundred performers.

The first living picture was Adam and Eve with a flaming sword. The Chorus told them of the merciful intervention of the Son of God. Although every nationality was gathered in the huge theatre, and though the play was spoken in the German language, a strong feeling of sympathy and understanding seemed to sweep through the audience.

Thus did each tableau represent some incident in the Christian story. Music, songs and choruses interpreted the pictures. At twelve o'clock a thoughtful, solemn company dispersed to the various houses of the village.

At two o'clock of that same day the great theatre filled again with silent awe-stricken spectators. The most impressive scene of the play, I thought, took place in the afternoon. It was when Christ was brought before Pontius Pilate. Although the result of the world's greatest tragedy was known to the audience, it was possible to go through the awful suspense of the angry rabble; would Pontius deliver Him or would he not. The uncertainty of Pilate was so perfectly acted that it seemed feasible that the outcome of his decision might be not to condemn the Master. The envy, hatred and malice of the high priests and easily-moved crowd filled the spectators with such dismay that many of them might have thought; "are we any better than these?"



The curtain rose on the concluding scene and we were face to face with the great Atonement. It is an experience to arouse faith in the weak and even the unbelieving. Soldiers casting dice for the garments of the One on the Cross, the mocking inscription over the Saviour's head "The King of the Jews"; make the pathos of the scene indescribable. Finally is shown the weeping Magdalene to whom the Master reveals himself, and then, the Ascension.

A deeply impressed audience left the play after the four-hour afternoon session. There is, naturally, never any applause during or after the Passion Play. It is a case of a feeling often voiced: "Do not speak to me."



GOOD-BYE COLLEGE

We've had two years no one can take away,
Two years that we will cherish whilst we live;
Of fascinating work and riotous play
And all that youth and ardour well can give.

New views of life, new paths of thought, new friends;
A glorious horde of dreams for later life;
We'll cherish these through all the future sends—
These years of joy to help our years of strife.

Oh College, in a month we'll all be gone !
Oh College, how we'll hate to go away—
Though Varsity is beckoning us on—
This year has seemed no longer than a day.

We've loved it, every minute of the time,
Our lectures, dances, Lit. nights, and our games,
The laughter in the corridors, the chime
Of merry greetings, banter, fond nicknames.

Our Profs. have helped us out through thick or thin,
They're with us in our worries and our fun,
We gazed at them with awe when we came in,
We leave them, grateful friends of everyone.

We'll be forgotten but we'll not forget,
The term's near gone and we're all feeling blue,
We've got a month, and we'll enjoy it yet—
Then good-bye College, we'll remember you.

—Sheila Tait



Ginga

by YUKIO TAKAHASHI

AT MY QUESTION the smartly uniformed conductor drew me aside from the hurrying crowd and pointed to Exit No. 7 of the Central Subway Station. Thanking him I hurried past the guard, through the corridors and dashed up the flight of stairs that led to the street overhead. I arrived at the appointed place breathless to find that my friend had not arrived, and when somewhat disappointed I looked up at the round-faced clock on a brilliantly illuminated tower not far away I discovered that it was ten minutes before the pre-arranged hour. Being unbearably hot, for I was quite unaccustomed to the heat, I retired to a table under the palms and weeping willows in the cool roof-gardens of a tea-house and waited—above the lights of Ginga.

Ginga, the busiest street of Tokyo, has a charm all its own, not only for the citizens and visitors from the provinces, but also for the foreigners such as I. This fascination is largely due to the long established custom of Gin-bura which has made the main thoroughfare of the city a popular promenade. People come here to idle, to shop, to meet friends, to refresh themselves at restaurants, to buy at the gay shops—"night bazaars" that spring up at sunset to disappear at midnight. The chief reason, however, why the Ginga is so crowded with pedestrians is the love of the people for an outing and particularly, for an outing on this favorite street.

Ginga is the last word in modernity; in spirit it is often ahead of the West—but it harks back to its past in one respect at least—in the traditional pedlars who spread their wares along the pavements on both sides of the street at night, and in the silence and darkness when the last of the pedestrians are passing homewards, like the Arabs, pack their belongings and silently steal away. These "night bazaars" are the most characteristic and attractive features of Ginga. Here many a bargain is to be picked up by those who know. To the children these stalls are a world of delight with their endless display of toys of the most ingenious character.

In contrast to the wares of the humble pedlars the luxurious display of the shops is very striking; the rich brocades and embroideries, the creations in bronze and lacquer, the latest product of the potter's kiln, the fascinating prints of woodblock artists. Everything may be purchased, from rare incensed and medicinal herbs, to pearls, pianos and parrots. But in the evening, the time for Gin-bura, the people are not on serious shopping bent, they are out for another sort of pleasure. As the crowds move to and fro, there is noise and plenty of it. The loud-speaker now dominates the scene, from cafes issue strains of jazz.

The Ginga lights; for the famous street has entered upon the new era in its mode of lighting. The electric signs and marvellous neon lights create a gorgeous and gay atmosphere. The swaying lanterns of the past generation still sway, but they are humble and neglected.



The busy emporiums are steadily encreasing both in size and number. There are already four huge department stores. Mitsukoshi, Matsuya, Matsuzakaya and Shirokiya. The stranger will notice Mitsukoshi's peculiar shape; it is on a rectangular site because a few independent shopkeepers refused to move to make way for the giant: the consequence is that one of the largest and what is undoubtedly the smallest shop are found side by side. The little store with a frontage of a few yards obstructs the expansion of the powerful Mitsukoshi. The little shop glories in its independence, and is not to be moved.

A feature of the large Ginga stores which makes them different from all others in the world is the deafening din of the wooden geta on the stone and hardwood floors. There was a time when all street footgear was removed by attendants at the door, but this practice, because of the enormous crowds that now visit the large stores, has apparently been abandoned, and the consequence is that the shuffle and the patter of men and women in their geta creates a din that is indescribable. It is a noise that fills the air from morning till night, and adds to the haste and hurry of the crowds.

The shops lure women irresistibly, the many-hued parasols, the dainty scarfs, the brocade purses and dazzling combs are the expressions of the craftsmanship of the land. The daughters of Japan are more gorgeously, more colorfully attired than their sisters in the great cities of the western world. Only enchanted princesses and queens in fairyland are clad in such ineffable raiment, such clothes are not for the work-a-day world, but for moonlight parties in fairy palaces.

It is a sight one should see, in his lifetime. Ah, but I recognize the car just drawing up at the portico below, and in a few minutes the elevator will be taking me down to my friend.



HOPEFUL

A Professor was busily engaged in showing his class an interesting experiment.

"Now," he said, "if anything goes wrong, we shall all be blown up into the air. Come a little closer, gentlemen, and you will be able to follow me better."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the short-sighted man of a boy in the street.

"No, sir," replied the boy, "it's my bad foot that makes me walk so slowly."

AN "ALARM"-ING ANSWER

Teacher (during lesson on Success): "Tommy, why should we endeavour to rise by our own efforts?"

Tommy: "Because there's no knowing when the alarm clock may go wrong, sir."



The Gossip According to Saint Vincent

Chapter One

1. And it came to pass that the Chief High Priest and the other professors did meet together.
2. And the tribes gathered to hear what was to be told unto them.
3. And the Chief High Priest did say unto them that had gathered before in that room, "All good things be thine. Welcome again unto these halls."
4. And then unto the gaping multitude of they that were known as freshmen he spake in stern tones saying, "Now thou hast become a man, thou must put away the thoughts of thy childhood.
5. And so spake the other professors.
6. And one did clap her hands and cry and shout "Tres bien !"

Chapter Two

1. And it came to pass that for five days and five nights the gaping multitude of they that knew little did dress in quaint dress.
2. And certain of the youth did strive to grow beards.

Chapter Three

1. And it came to pass that the Chief High Priest and the Chief Scribe and all the professors did converse and did make known to the mob and to sophomores a time of judgement.
2. And the time drew nigh.
3. And the people knelt and cried and wrung their hands and their omissions were many.
4. And all the tribes went forward unto judgement.
5. And great was the fall thereof.
6. And many were on the shoulder of the Chief High Priest, as was the custom in that land.
7. And many were the pleas presented unto the Chief Scribe one W———r, son of a G——e.

Chapter Four

1. Then did the Chief Scribe and one other, a professor, and many of the people journey into a strange land.

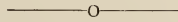


2. There did they go forth into many contests.
3. And they returned vanquished even unto their own land.
4. And great were the lamentations and wailings thereof.

Chapter Five

1. Then did the people toil long and hard for again a day of judgement was nigh unto them.
2. And again certain of them that were judged fell by the wayside.
3. And they that fell did cry out and make lamentations unto the Chief Scribe and unto the professors, yea even unto the Chief High Prophet.
4. As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be—Amen.

—St. V.



An Appreciation and an Appeal



In producing this issue of the VICTORIA COLLEGE ANNUAL the Committee in charge acknowledge valuable assistance from many quarters and they are not unmindful of their special obligation to the Merchants and Tradesmen of Victoria who have purchased advertising space, thereby supplying a considerable part of the finances necessary in making this publication possible. We are sure the student body as a whole also recognize this obligation, and will show their appreciation in a tangible way by favouring these advertisers with their personal patronage and commendation among their friends.



Democracy In Bear Valley

IN the log school-house Bear Valley was transacting business under the careful guidance of Mr. Peter J. Last. If the seven taxpayers of Bear Valley had ever possessed budding ideas, these had wilted in the heat of that July afternoon. Mr. Peter J. Last, however, had ideas which blossomed when he had a place in the sun. In defiance of that rival luminary he wore a dark suit and a high collar as he sat in the uncomfortable serenity of a presiding officer. From the armchair on the platform his ruddy, white-bearded face scorched down upon the lesser Lasts, who formed his little universe and the voting public of Bear Valley. His kin, for such they were, though of lower degree, were crushed in the deforming embraces of the small desks and from those inferior stations gazed up at his superior height.

Rapping for silence which already drooped over the assembly, Chairman Last turned a pale blue gaze on the secretary. She arose in nervous haste and read the minutes. During this wearying rite, which is the symbol of democracy, Mr. Last cleared his throat twice and twice his secretary and niece checked her monotone, only to resume apologetically when he turned his patriarch's beard in her direction.

As the meeting progressed it was noticeable that Mr. Last had only to comb his beard with his fingers to bring a chorus of "ayes" to any motion, and only to thrust out his lower lip to crush the hardness of any rebel against the tribal rule.

If the business warranted it—or not—the Chairman occasionally digressed to benefit his seven votes with scraps of information. A look of self complacency would melt his hard blue eyes and soften all his features. These remarks were always prefaced with the phrases: "I understand the School Act to say ——" or "I am informed by the Department of Education ——", like a high priest chanting religious formulae from the gospel of the Public Schools Act, a blue-bound copy of which lay in front of him.

Much public business of lasting worth was accomplished on that afternoon. With the aid of two beard-combings, Mr. Last's cousin was appointed janitor; with the help of one mild blue stare, Mr. Last's brother-in-law received a fuel contract and without projecting his lower lip or leaving his chair, Mr. Last himself dictated his own election.

So the affairs of this little universe were regulated and controlled; thus once again Bear Valley was made ready to receive a little wandering meteor of a school teacher who would enter this sphere in a blaze of glory and depart divested of it.

—A. H. PLOWS



List of Students in Attendance *Session 1930-31*

FIRST YEAR

Allen, Daphne
Alton, Margaret
Armstrong, Kathleen J.
Baker, Kathleen M.
Bancroft, Ivy E.
Banks, Doris W.
Bapty, Leonard
Barner, Cecil R.
Beveridge, George
Bianco, Robert
Biller, John T.
Bogart, Rachael V.
Bowden, Guy D.
Bradley, Gordon P.
Brewster, Nan E.
Broadfoot, Archie J.
Buckham, John N.
Bulinckx, John A.
Burton, Amy I.
Callin, Marjorie
Calvert, Dorothy M.
Cameron, D'Alton Cecil
Campbell, Alvena E.
Campbell, David D.
Campbell, Ian H.
Carey, Robert W.
Carstens, Harry
Cathcart, Henry W.
Chave, Cyril S.
Colgate, Edward
Copeland, Charles E.
Coventry, Henry R.
Crothall, William E.
Cullum, Margery A.
Cunningham, John S.
Davenport, Muriel E.
Davis, Wilfred
Dawson, Victoria, J.
Deloume, Fernand E.
Derrinberg, Robert C.
Dixon, Harold
Downes, Gladys V.
Driver, Edith E.
Duncan, Jean A.
Farmer, Richard M.
Fawdry, Robert E.
Fetterly, Gordon S.
Field, John B.
Fields, Charles Arthur
Findlay, William O.
Ford, William L.
Fraser, Gilbert G.
Fraser, Marianne M.
Fulton, Frederick J.
Gamon, Alec.
Gautier, Tom
Gibbs, Frances H.
Gibbs, Frances McKenzie
Gibbs, Roy J.
Gibson, Frank N.
Gibson, Isobel V.
Gibson, John J.
Glaspell, Melvin B.
Godfrey, Robert
Goldie, Betty
Grant, Beverley D.
Grant, James F.
Grant, John D.
Grant, William L.
Gray, Fred
Greig, Ethel M.
Gung, John W.
Gwyn, Gerald H.
Hall, Alexander McD.
Hammersley, Hugh L.
Hamilton, Margaret
Hayward, Florence
Hebb, Harry R.
Heisterman, Margaret E.
Herd, Harold H.
Hodgson, Mary
Holland, Charles E.
Homer-Dixon, Dallas
Horsey, Rowland
Howard, Norah A.
Jack, Hazel D.
Janes, Mildred E.
Johnson, Kathryn M.
Kinch, Margery H.
Kinsman, Kathleen A.
Laidman, Edith R.
Lambert, Irene B.
Latta, John B.
Leacy, Francis H.
Lee, John P.
Longworth, Eileen
Mabee, Robert
Margison, Clifford R.
Marling, Alexander
Marshall, Kathleen B.
Marshall, William O.
Meldram, Kathleen S.
Menzies, George D.
Merrett, John E.
Metro, George
Miller Archibald
Mortimer, John M.
Moxam, Margaret Y.
Muir, James F.
Murie, Andrew S.
McCallum, Jane
McDiarmid, John A.
MacDonald, James S.
Macfarlane, Nellie M.
MacKenzie, Kenneth R.
Mackintosh, Phyllis G.
Macmurchie, Bona C.
McDowell, William J.
McGregor, Andrew R.
McInnes, Roderick
McKenzie, Jessie I.
McLaren, Dorothy E.
McLaughlin, John S.
McLaughlin, Peter M.
McNaughton, Dorothy J.
McTavish, John D.
Norie, Alison M.
O'Connell, Sheila
Oldham, Frances K.
Orchard, William
Parry, Peter
Parsons, Alma K.
Pearce, Margery
Petch, James A.
Phillips, Agnes
Player, Barbara E.
Pollock, Earl V.
Pope, Judith N.
Porter, Patricia
Prendergast, Helen
Pringle, George R.
Purdy, Mary
Purves, Donald F.
Pynn, Allan
Quelch, Nan
Regan, Margaret M.
Renney, Arthur J.
Rice-Jones, Ralph
Robins, Frederick
Robinson, Wilhelmina
Ross, Kenneth
Ross, Mary L.
Rowson, Victor W.
Scott, Christina
Shotbolt, Effie
Sievers, Ralph



Simpson, Muriel
Sinclair, A. B.
Skrimshire, John T.
Smith, Jack D.
Smith, Robert C.
Taylor, Philip A.
Thompson, Margaret
Thomson, Marjory M.

Thorne, Elizabeth
Toms, Humphrey W.
Urquhart, Alexander
Vaio, M. Beverley
Walker, B. Forestier
Wallace, Lawrence J.
Waller, Ellis I.
Warnock, George

Warnock, Samuel
Weaver, Helen I.
Whyte, Carrie J.
Williams, Gwendolyn M.
Willson, Roy
Wilson, Ridgeway
Wood, Donald S.

SPECIAL CLASSES

Adam, John S.
Brandon, William H.
Brynjolfson, Walter C.
Bruce, James T.
Colbert, John A.
Fisher, Louise
Green, Brian S.
Harman, John H.
Henry, Grace E.
Hogarth, David Murray

Holdridge, William F.
Horne, Thomas P.
Hutchinson, A.
Love, George H.
McKenzie, James
McMichael, William
MacNab, Chrissie F.
Michell, Cyril A.
Moon, Kathleen P.
Morrison, Marion S.

Parfitt, Percy D.
Reay, Sybil
Redhead, Eleanor
Roberts, Jean G.
Ross, Joseph
Scholefield, Daphne O.
Scholefield, Marguerite
Smith, Douglas E.
Stevenson, Archie J.

AUTOGRAPHS



AUTOGRAPHS



AUTOGRAPHS



AUTOGRAPHS

Victoria College

*In affiliation with the University
of British Columbia.*

LOCATED at Victoria, B. C., in the heart of the best residential section of the City—provides exceptional opportunities to students taking the first two years of the Arts or Commerce Courses, the work being the same as that of the University.

First year in Arts is necessary for those intending to proceed to courses in Applied Science.



BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES
Victoria, B.C.

The Victoria Daily Times

The Home Paper



Business Office Phone Empire 4175

WE SUGGEST YOU TRY
OUR HIGH-GRADE

*Chocolates
Pastry and
Confectionery*



THE BON TON

1213 DOUGLAS STREET
(Sayward Building)

Phone G 5941

Victoria, B.C.

A VACUUM CLEANER
FOR YOUR HOME IS
A NECESSITY.



WE SELL

Premier-Duplex \$67.00

General Electric \$47.00

Murphy Electric Co.

722 Yates Street

Victoria B.C.

Compliments of

CRANE LIMITED

905 GOVERNMENT ST.
VICTORIA, B.C.

We carry a complete line
of Spalding Tennis
Equipment.

Drop in and look over
the season's new
models.



*If your old racket needs
restringing let us
do it.*

VICTORIA SPORTING
GOODS CO.

1010 BROAD ST.
C. V. McConnell Phone G 6614

1931 Spring Opening

An Exposition of the New Mode
of Unequalled Excellence in Style
and Quality

Now on Display



Crown Millinery Parlors

(Victoria) Limited

MISS M. E. LIVINGSTONE
621 View Street Phone E 7914

KENNETH DARBYSHIRE CHIROPRACTOR

*Special Service to Athletes
at a reasonable
fee.*



409-410 Bank of Toronto Building
PHONE G-arden 7052

OF COURSE —

You College Chaps will want exclusive
designs and models in your Spring
apparel. Our Spring Suits
and Haberdashery will
appeal to you.



GEORGE STRAITH, LTD.
JAEGER WOOLENS

1117 DOUGLAS STREET, VICTORIA, B.C.

THE BEST STORE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR ALL NEW BOOKS

Eastman
KODAKS AND BROWNIES
KODAK FILMS

Films Developed and Printed by our own Experts
Loose Leaf Photo Albums in many varieties
We give Free Enlargements—8 x 10

WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS · EVERSHPARP PENCILS
Loose Leaf Pocket Note Books

Victoria Book & Stationery Co., Ltd.

1002 GOVERNMENT STREET

::

Phone G arden 1013

HAYWARD'S B. C. FUNERAL C O. *Phones*

Empire 3614 G arden 7679
G arden 7682

734 Broughton Street

EST.

H

1867

THE BULL'S EYE SHOOTING GALLERY



Archery, Rifle and Pistol Shooting

*A Fascinating Sport in
pleasant surroundings*



BROUGHTON STREET
*Between Broad and Douglas
Victoria, B.C.*

Photographs

WE specialize in out-door
groups and general
views, studio portraits,
enlarging, copying, amateur,
finishing, lantern slides, etc.

*Satisfaction
Guaranteed.*



Harold Fleming

Phone E 6543
1014 Government Street
VICTORIA, B.C.

University Students

Can you speak your own language well?

Men and women every day everywhere are judged and placed according to their speaking voices. Cultivated and expressive speech is one of the greatest assets you can have. It may be acquired.



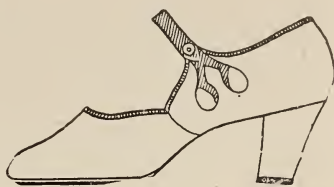
*Take a course either privately
or with others at*

VICTORIA SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Whose students won 4 Cups and 14 Medals
for Beauty of Diction and Expression
at Provincial Festivals in 1930

Principal: MRS. WILFRED ORD
F.T.C.L., M.R.S.T.

1005 Cook St., Victoria, B.C.
Telephone: G 5525



WHEN THINKING
SHOES

Try
Maynard's



PHONE G arden 6514
649 YATES STREET

"Where Most People Trade"



*If you have beauty
We can take it;
If you have none,
We can make it.*



1122 GOVT. ST. PHONE G 3821

INSURANCE

AUTOMOBILE
ACCIDENT
FIRE

and all other classes
written.

For full information call on

KER & STEPHENSON, LTD.

Corner View and Government Sts.
PHONE G arden 4127

DO YOU

Suffer from
INSOMNIA ?

A course in Latin is guaranteed
to relieve you.

ASK FOR MR. STANTON

RECREATION

Combined with useful study
of Drama and the
Allied Arts



The B.C. DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Gives the best Dramatic
Training in Western
Canada.

One Year for \$27.00

This preparatory training is of the
greatest value to you if you are in
the College Play or U.B.C. Plays.



For better workmanship and a
more dependable service have
your garments

DRY CLEANED and
PRESSED

the Pantorium Way.

SHOES REBUILT and
REPAIRED.



Phone E 7155

Cor. Fort & Quadra, Victoria, B.C.

Pantorium
DYE WORKS
of Canada
Ltd.

A Gift for the Bride

*If possessed of Quality and Beauty will
always be appreciated and cherished
for years to come.*



WEILER'S

For FINE CHINA, CRYSTAL, ART POTTERY, FURNITURE

Phone G 5911

1410-12 Douglas Street

A Brochure of Beautiful Things is Yours Free for Name and Address

YOU'LL FIND NEW AND LOWER PRICES, NEW STYLE
IDEAS AND STARTLING CHANGES IN WOOLEN
DESIGN AND COLOR IN OUR

SPRING EXHIBIT of *Society Brand Clothes*

Introducing a new Color Theme for Spring

NEPTUNE SHADES

Sunlight Tan Sea Gray Dawn Gray Sun Brown Tan
Seafoam Green Seaciffe Brown Seaweed Green



THE TOGGERY SHOP

623 Fort St., Victoria, B.C.

Pemberton Building

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Olympic Recreations, Ltd.

914 YATES STREET

Bowling for Health and Pleasure



R. W. MACKENZIE, *Manager*

Phone E 9913

When you require

PRINTING OF ANY DESCRIPTION

J Parker Buckle Printing Co., Ltd.

Service and Reasonable Prices

1014-16-18 Blanshard Street, Victoria, B.C.

T
R
A
C
K



F
I
E
L
D

TENNIS
SWIMMING



Scientifically taught and
coached at

Y.M.C.A.

PHONE E 7194

Summer rates now available

BALLANTYNE BROS., Ltd.
FLORISTS

Floral Designs
Cut Flowers
Pot Plants



MEMBERS FLORISTS
TELEGRAPH
DELIVERY

645 Fort St.

Phone G 2421



1410 Douglas Street

Phone G 5911



“Fashion-Craft”

*Clothes for
Young Men . . .*

Let your Spring Suit bear the “*Fashion-Craft Label*” and you are assured a measure of Smartness and Satisfaction greater than have ever known before



“*FASHION-CRAFT*” Clothes are sold in
Victoria exclusively by

JOS. GREER, LTD.

637 Fort Street

Phone E mpire 5642

Laboratory Supplies and Chemicals

For Assay, Industrial and
Educational Laboratories.



**CAVE AND COMPANY
LIMITED**

567 Hornby St. Vancouver, B.C.

Burr's Cough Mixture

“Stop the Bark !—Before you
go to the Dogs.”



Sold by

HILLSIDE PHARMACY

Dial G 1632

Corner Hillside and Quadra

*Style plus Value and Service
in our*

**CUSTOM-TAILORED
CLOTHES for YOUNG MEN**

A. E. ALLEN

613 Yates Street

Next to Poodle Dog Cafe

Collegiate Clothes

to suit the College Budget

Style plus value—that's our motto when it comes to choosing suits
Frocks or Hats for College-going Misses !

We keep *one eye* wide open to see that everything is right up to the
minute in style—and the *other eye* is absolutely glued on the price
list—because we know that even the smartest of Collegians has just
"so much" to spend on clothes.



DAVID SPENCER, LTD.

Little & Taylor

JEWELLERS

*"The place where you'll
eventually go."*

ONLY- DEPENDABLE
Watches, Jewellery and
the finest quality of
Diamonds are sold in this
old established jewellery house
of Victoria.

May we assist you in your
requirements ?



1209 DOUGLAS STREET
Sayward Building

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

Brown's Victoria Nurseries

Limited

Leading FLORISTS
and SEEDSMEN

*Plant our Seeds for
Reliable Results*

618 VIEW ST., VICTORIA, B.C.
Three Doors West of Broad St.

Phone G arden 6612

E. F. EASTHOPE

Photographer

Easy Natural Portraits



Stobart Building
745 YATES STREET
Victoria, B.C.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

can obtain at our store all the requisite Text Books and
Supplies required for the course of study at

THE VICTORIA COLLEGE
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

We appreciate the patronage of Students, not only during
College days, but always—

Let Us Serve You.

LITCHFIELD'S LIMITED

BOOKSELLERS and STATIONERS

1109 Government Street

Telephone E 9513

M
A
T
R
I
C
.

*Where the teaching is
different, and past
Students are almost all
“passed” Students.*



DAY, EVENING and
CORRESPONDENCE
CLASSES

in Senior and Junior
MATRICULATION

J. J. McLOUGHLIN, B.A., M.A.
729 Yates Street

“Palm” Ice Cream

FANCY ICE CREAMS
and ICES
CAKES, MOLDS, ETC.

for all occasions.



— PHONES: —
G 3232 G 3332

ACCURACY---*More Accuracy* *Always Accuracy*

This is the thought constantly in the mind of our dispensers.

Only skilled licentiates of Pharmacy fill your prescription
at TERRY'S

Quick, Free Delivery—ask your Doctor to phone TERRY'S.



ORCHESTRA AND DANCING ON WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS

TERRY'S

AT FORT ON DOUGLAS STREET.

ENGLISH BAKERY

High-Class

BREAD
CAKES
and
PASTRY



726 FORT ST.
TELEPHONE E MPIRE 9743



LIVE AND WIN

WITH LIFE INSURANCE

For most up-to-date and advanced
policies, consult us—



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

J. W. HUDSON, C.L.U.
205-6-7 Sayward Building
Victoria, B.C.

P. O. Box 95

Phone G 7171

**P. R. BROWN & SONS
LIMITED**

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
FINANCIAL AGENTS



1112 Broad Street
VICTORIA, B. C.

**Golf
Tennis
Swimming
Badminton
Dance Frocks**

ALL SUITABLE SPORT
CLOTHES
For Ladies

at

**ANGUS CAMPBELL
& CO., LTD.**

1008-1010 GOVERNMENT STREET

Waites' Key Shop

Keys for House, Car or Office,
Locks, Scissors and Cutlery for
Sale. Lawnmowers ground and
repaired.



Phone E 4713

1411 Douglas St.

Prescription Specialists

Prescriptions accurately dispensed of
Drugs of the Highest Quality, by
qualified Pharmacists.

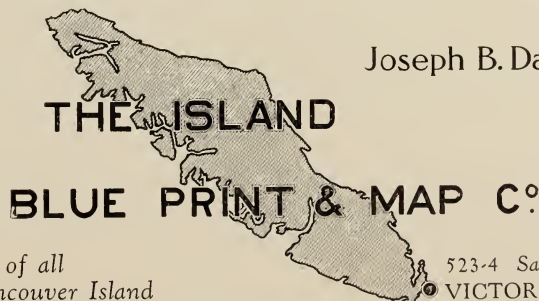
Victoria's Leading Prescription Store

**THE OWL DRUG CO.
LIMITED**

W. H. BLAND, *Manager*
Campbell Building

Phones: G arden 2112; G arden 0159

Phone
G arden 4834



Joseph B. Davenport

*Up-to-date Maps of all
Parts of Vancouver Island*

Publishers of "DAVENPORT" SCHOOL MAP OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

523-4 Sayward Block
VICTORIA, B.C.

*Glorious Youth with
a Glorious Heritage—*

VANCOUVER ISLAND

TODAY you are being educated. Tomorrow you will be equipped with tools by which man carves his own creative path. Clean action and clear thinking. Be proud of your college, be proud of your town, be proud of this magnificent gift—your Island, of beauty unsurpassed. Some day you have to govern it. We beg you to keep your thoughts and actions clean and build a solid reputation. The world is crying out for honesty. It is up to you to listen to that call.

*When the great ambition moves you,
And the spring songs come to birth,
We trust you will let us aid you,
Find your castle on the earth.*

Our best wishes to you all in your endeavours

Col. B. de Mossin

Phil. Fisher

Victoria Homes & Gardens
Limited

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

629 Fort Street

Phone E 4104

Victoria, B.C.

